

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|---|-----|
| 1. THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY, | <i>Contemporary Review</i> , | 67 |
| 2. THE MAID OF SKER. Part XXII., | <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , | 84 |
| 3. A BILLET AT CARRIGAHINCH, | <i>Dark Blue</i> , | 98 |
| 4. GAMBLING SUPERSTITIONS, | <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , | 106 |
| 5. A LOOKING-GLASS FOR CHRISTIANS, | <i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , | 114 |
| 6. A TRUE LOVER, | <i>St. James' Magazine</i> , | 117 |
| 7. FRANCE, | <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 121 |
| 8. PETER THE GREAT, | <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 123 |
| 9. THORBECKE, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 125 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|----|---------------------------------------|------------------|
| WALTER SCOTT AND BURNS, | 66 | PARSONS'S SONG FOR SEPTEMBER, | 66 |
| RESPITE, | 66 | ULFWA'S PLAYING, | 66 |
| MISCELLANY, | | | 88, 97, 127, 128 |

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WALTER SCOTT AND BURNS.

I do not think the following verses have ever been published; they were given to me many years ago by a son of Sir Walter Scott's valued friend, Mr. Robert Shortrede, of Jedburgh, with the following account of the circumstances under which they were written:—

Mr. Shortrede went one day into his sitting-room, where Sir Walter was waiting for him, and found Sir Walter with a volume of Burns in his hand, reading the letter which contained the famous lines of Bruce's address to his men before Bannockburn. As he closed the volume, Sir Walter said: "I always thought that the opening of those beautiful lines, as you read them by themselves, was too abrupt, and that if Burns had not sent them in a letter to a friend, he would have introduced them with some sort of description of the scene, or of the circumstances under which they were spoken."

Mr. Shortrede at first questioned the soundness of this criticism, but after some discussion, asked what kind of introduction his friend would have? Sir Walter rejoined, "Why, something of this kind,"—and taking a pencil, wrote on the fly-leaf of the volume of Burns the following lines:—

"By Bannockburn proud Edward lay;
The Scots they were na far away,
Just waiting for the break o' day,
To show them which were best.
The sun rose o'er the purple heath,
And lighted up the field of death;
When Bruce wi' soul-inspiring breath
His soldiers thus address:—

"'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' &c."

H. BARTLE G. FRERE.

Macmillan's Magazine.

RESPITE.

AN ODE.

"O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi.
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra."

O FOR some mighty shade,
Far from the city's cry,
With music of the twinkling sister leaves,
Where light with shade a generous beauty weaves
Between me and the sky:
To hear some murmuring and friendly stream,
Turning to loved ones' voices, in a dream
That gentle sleep hath made:
To wake, as petals open to the sun,
At morn's renewal when the night is gone,
And find things lovely near;
While on the charmed ear
The cuckoo's note is falling, or the cry

Of happy curlews wheeling in the sky,
As seabirds meet the foam

Above their tossing home:
How sweet, in musing mood, to feel entwine
A trusting hand confidently in mine;
After its reverie,

Aiding, to watch the glee
Of one known face whereon do mostly shine
Smiles that surpass the sunshine on the sea:
Nay more, and better still, to feel the glow
Of this vast globe; (as giants' pulses flow,
Steady and full and deep,
Though soundly laid to sleep;)

Sure, though remote; straight from the life of
God:

Beyond all words to feel
God's purposes all weal,
His love, like sunlight pure, surrounding all.
Dublin University Mag. H. P.

PARSONS'S SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,—
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying,
And lovers now with many a kiss
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gaily dressed?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

ULFWA'S PLAYING.

SHE struck her golden harp—the sound
Through the woods and hills was ringing,
And the wild beasts springing all around
Listened, and stopp'd their springing.
She struck the golden harp again;
So sweet were the sounds it utter'd;
But when the grey falcon heard the strain,
On the branch his wings he flutter'd.
Her third stroke on the golden harp
Was sweeter still, and stronger,
And in the lake the swimming carp,
Entranced, could swim no longer.
The field broke into fragrant flower
When the gold harp play'd the Rune—
Th' enchanting notes the knight o'erpower:
He spurs his steed—is gone!

Tr Sir John Bowring. Norse Ballad.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY:

AN ESSAY IN THE COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

PART I.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

THE immortality of the soul, though a primary, can hardly be considered a primitive religious belief. It involves conceptions at once too abstract and positive to be intelligible to primitive man, and what he cannot conceive he cannot believe.

The belief in a life after death has, indeed, been coeval, or nearly so, with religion, but this differs from the belief in immortality as a Natural or Physical Polytheism differs from a Spiritual or Monotheistic faith. The belief grows up to satisfy a slowly evolved but deeply seated need of man, and marks a development in his religion almost equal to a revolution, or the creation of a new faith. The human mind then passes out of the mythical or creative into the metaphysical or deductive stage, and religion ceases to be a simple worship expressive of a people's instincts and impulses, and becomes a faith, shaping its institutions and manners, laws and literature, thoughts and hopes.

A religion never assumes or exercises its full authority, never awakens or satisfies the highest hopes of man, until it can command obedience here, and reward it with everlasting happiness hereafter. And this neither implies nor rests on any religious Utilitarianism, in Leigh Hunt's phrase, *other-worldliness*, but on the simple fact that the immortal nature of man demands a religion which can evoke and satisfy his aspirations after immortality.

It is not the design of this essay to discuss the question of Immortality either with or against our Modern Philosophies. Such a discussion would be in a great measure superfluous. Determine the fundamental conception or principle of any philosophy, and its relation to the belief in question is ascertained. But the discussion of a secondary or inferential position is useless, while the primary is untouched. Scepticism can simply, with Hume, deny that there are any grounds to

warrant the belief.* Materialism, resolving thought into a movement of matter, can only regard death as the destruction of the individual, and prefer everlasting annihilation to everlasting life.† Positivism, allowing spirit no place in its system, denies immortality to man, but confers it on humanity.‡ Pantheism can grant no immortality to the individual, but promises to him either, as a mode of the divine thought or essence, eternity,§ or an immortality which is realized by becoming in the midst of the finite one with the infinite and being in every moment eternal,|| or a return from relative to absolute being through the knowledge that identifies subject and object.¶ Theism in all its forms, can as little dispense with the immortality of man as with the personality of God. Both are as necessary to pure Deism as to orthodox Christianity — were, indeed, the articles in the creed of the older English Deism, by which it stood, with which it fell, when, in its exhausted old age, it had to confront at home the scepticism of Hume, abroad the full-grown sensualism of France and the highborn Transcendentalism of Germany.**

* Philosophical Works, vol. iv. pp. 547, ff. (Ed. 1864).

† Buchner, *Kraft and Stoff*, p. 212. Of course there was an older and less consistent materialism represented by Dr. Priestley, which tried to maintain itself alongside a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. But it is now effete; its positions were too untenable to please these thorough-going days.

‡ Mill's *Comte and Positivism*, pp. 135, 162.

§ Spinoza, *Ethics*, Part V., Prop. xxiii. See also Van der Linde, *Spinoza, Seine Lehre u. deren erste Nachwirkung in Holland*, pp. 50 and 75.

|| Schleiermacher, *Reden über Religion*, Werke i. p. 264, (ed. 1842). Schelling, *Philosophie u. Religion*, pp. 71, ff.

¶ Caro, *L'Idée de Dieu*, pp. 370, ff. Hegel expressed himself very rarely and cautiously concerning the immortality of the soul, though he said very decisively, when charged by Schubart with denying it, that in his philosophy the spirit was raised above all the categories which comprehended decay, destruction, and death (*Erdmann, Gesch. der Philos.*, II. p. 650). The negative principles which lay in the Hegelian philosophy were held long in the background, but appeared distinctly enough in Richter's *Lehre von den Letzen Dingen* (1833), and his *Neue Unsterblichkeitslehre* (1833). Feuerbach's immortality of historical remembrance and Schopenhauer's Nihilism were, so far as our belief is concerned, coarser and more positive in their negations.

** Erdmann remarks (*Gesch. der Philos.*, II. p. 650), with special reference to Fichte, in the first pe-

Philosophy did not create the belief in immortality, and acknowledges or denies its validity, just as it is or is not involved in its own fundamental principles. Speculative thought has said all that it can say against the belief, and it still lives; has said, too, all that it can say for it, and it has not died. The old arguments, metaphysical, ethical, teleological, have been exhausted, advanced, answered, confirmed, repelled in almost every possible form, and now thought must turn from the high road of abstract speculation, and study human belief as expressed in human religion. Religion, or rather its philosophic theology, may now become a science as purely inductive as any of the physical sciences. The now possible analysis of the faiths of the world, if accompanied by a searching analysis of the faculties of the mind, will hand over to thought our primary and necessary religious ideas, which, as ultimate religious truths, constitute in their synthesis the foundation of the universal and ideal religion of man.

On this ground, not as a dogma of religion, or a doctrine of philosophy, but as a specifically human property* involved in the very nature of man, evolved in the evolution of that nature, the belief in immortality needs to be discussed. How does it arise and why? What is its earliest form? What the law or principle of its evolution? What are the final forms it assumes? Why one rather than another? The materials for this discussion are, in one respect, ample enough. Scholars have supplied us with exhaustive and accurate expositions of the several cultured religions, ancient and modern, and

riod of his philosophic thought, that the immortality of man was for the eighteenth century the *dogma par excellence*. It was so because philosophy was then pre-eminently Theistic. From the rise of English Deism in Lord Herbert of Cherbury, to Rousseau in France, and Kant and Lessing in Germany, theistic thinkers as a rule held the immortality of man to be as necessary to a religion as the being of God. Kant reverses the argument of Warburton, and maintains the Legation of Moses to be un-divine, because without the doctrine of immortality (Relig. innerh. d. Grenzen d. bloß. Vernunft, Werke, vi., 301, Hartenstein's Ed.) For Lessing's views, see *Die Erzieh. d. Menschengesch.* §§ 22, ff. See also Wolfenbut. Frag. Viertes.

* Dr. Theodor Waitz, *Anthropologie der Natur-Völker*, I. 325.

sowith the means of comparing their earlier and simpler, with their later and more complex, elements, and this comparison may help us to discover the principle of their growth, or the reason of their specific development. Then the several faiths can be compared with each other, and what is accidental and what essential in each, may thus be determined. Ethnographers, too, like the late Dr. Theodor Waitz, Mr. Tylor, and Sir John Lubbock,* have collected an immense mass of information as to the beliefs of savage and primitive peoples. But each of these authors is so absorbed in the search after superficial resemblances as often to miss fundamental differences, and the very comprehensiveness which they aim at, forces them to overlook the course of genetic development in the cultured religions.† Now, it may perhaps throw some light upon the growth of religious thought in general, the formation of the cultured religions in particular, and the progress of a people in civilization, if we can trace, though but in outline, the origin and evolution of the belief in immortality among two kindred but very different peoples, the Hindus and the Greeks. On this point their religions, while starting from a common goal, reach the point of sharpest contrast, and so can be most instructively studied.

ii. THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF THE BELIEF.

Perhaps it may be necessary to glance here at the origin of the Belief. Death as annihilation is a notion as little intelligible to a primitive or undeveloped mind as immortality. A child cannot understand death as loss of being, cannot imagine the dead as otherwise than still alive. It thinks of them as existing somewhere, as doing something; and neither the lifeless

* The views of these ethnographers on our present subject will be found, *Anthropologie der Natur-Völker*, I. 325, II. 191 ff.; 411 ff., and very frequently; *Primitive Culture*, chapp. xii. xiii.; *Origin of Civilization*, 138 ff.

† Mr. Tylor admits that the early Aryans did not believe in transmigration (*Prim. Cult.*, II. 8), and his theory of the origin of the belief (pp. 14, 15) certainly cannot apply to the Hindus. The men of the Vedic age had been long out of that savage stage of thought to which alone Mr. Tylor's theory is applicable.

body, nor the grave, nor the burial can break their simple faith. Wordsworth's "Little Maid" is a type of the child-mind the world over, and its belief translated into the language of man becomes a sublime "Ode to Immortality." To the instincts of a living man, who has not yet learned to reason either from the facts of experience or the data of consciousness, death cannot suggest annihilation, because annihilation is a thought too abstract and repugnant to these instincts to be either intelligible or credible. In such a man faith is stronger than sight; he can conceive and understand life, but not its utter negation. If he thinks of the dead, he thinks of them as living — the very attempt to represent them in thought is an attempt to represent living, not dead men.

But, while the instincts of primitive mind refuse to conceive the dead as non-existent, a double incapacity prescribes the limits and form of the only conception possible to it, — the incapacity to conceive other than embodied being, and the incapacity to comprehend unlimited duration. In other words, the undeveloped mind cannot conceive the abstract notion of spirit and the abstract notion of immortality, or endless duration of being. Hence the earliest notions of the future represent it as a shadowy copy of the present; and its duration is measured by memory, is not made measureless by hope — *i.e.*, the conception attaches itself to the recollection of the dead rather than to the expectations of the living. But notwithstanding these limitations, the belief is a real belief in immortality, so far as it is possible to a child-mind. The seed is here, as it ought to be; the natural and necessary growth of mind will transform the seed into both flower and fruit.

But, while the belief in the future life springs out of what we must call, for want of a better term, an instinct, its evolution, alike as to the time occupied and the order of thought observed, depends on the development of the mental faculties, as in their turn at once conditioning and conditioned by the history and situation of the people. In general, since the belief attaches itself to the past rather than to the future, it gathers round the persons of

the fathers, and fancy, aided by memory, peoples the realm of the dead with the shades of renowned ancestors, whose society and fellowship become before long objects of intense desire to the living. Then, alongside the admiration rendered to the fathers, ethical ideas are evolved, and the conditions on which a man is granted or denied admittance to the circle of ancestral heroes, contain the germinal notion of a state of reward and retribution. Then, thought, gradually accustomed to conceive the dead as living, to see in nature life emerge uninjured from death, works out an abstract doctrine, a theory of form and life, body and soul, which, while committing the one to death and dissolution, assigns the other to independent and continued life. And these theories become in turn supports of the very belief which evoked them. The hope of a future life turns back for encouragement to the very metaphysic itself had created. And as the metaphysic is often fanciful and absurd, the evidence is as often weaker than the belief. The one is the creation of crude and premature speculation, the other the utterance of a great human instinct.

While the process of evolution is conditioned by the general development of the national mind, the specific form under which immortality is conceived is, on the other hand, conditioned by the idea of God. The idea formed of the divine nature determines that formed of the human. The two ideas develop side by side, constitute, indeed, the two poles or sides of the same thought. While the idea of God remains so inchoate as to admit the limitations and multiplicities of Polytheism, it does not and can not involve as a necessity either of reason or faith, any specific form of the belief in immortality.

But as the religion generates a theology, as thought comes to conceive God as the One related to the Many, as the single source of the manifold creation, man is led at the same time and by the same principles to conceive and formulate his faith in his own immortal existence. This does not happen all at once, but is the result of slow and not always con-

scious movements of mind. Inside of every Polytheism still in the physical stage, principles, the deposits of single intellects or general tendencies, gather, receive, either consciously, or unconsciously, forms inimical to it, and either abolish the ancient religion or erect by its side a distinct and supplementary worship, say under the form of mysteries, or, while sparing it as a mode of worship, substitute for the mythical creations, which were its original constituents, a body of reflective or speculative doctrines. If the prelusive thought had been tending to grasp a single universal and indestructible principle of the life manifested in nature and man, a Pantheistic theory as to God, a theory of transmigration as to man, will emerge. But if its tendency had been to seek a Supreme Will and Authority, then the result will be a personal God, and the personal continuance of man. The first will thus have a metaphysical, but the second a moral, basis. Brahmanism may stand as an example of the one, Zoroastrianism of the other.

Religious and philosophic thought on such questions as God and Immortality thus so run into each other in their respective beginnings as to be then indistinguishable. Philosophy springs out of religion—is the attempt of a devout reflective man to understand and explain himself and the universe. Hence the roots of ancient, therefore of modern, thought on our subject must be sought in the ancient religions.

Immortality is not a doctrine of the schools, but a faith of Humanity, not based on the metaphysic or proved by the logic of a given system, but the utterance of an instinct common to the race which has made itself heard wherever man has advanced from a religion of nature to a religion of faith. And there is no article of belief he so reluctantly surrenders even to the demands of system. One of the most daring critical and speculative spirits of the day has, with caustic irony, rallied his transcendental countrymen on their tenderness for the ego—a tenderness which spared self, while Deity was sacrificed.* And he finds the denial of personal immortality the last step of the inexorable logic which completed the cycle of Transcendental Philosophy.

The discussion must now turn to the historical question, the development of the belief in immortality in India and Greece.

* D. F. Strauss, *Die Christliche Glaubenslehre*, ii. pp. 697, 8.

The subject is too extensive to be dealt with in a single paper, and so leaving to another article the history of Greek thought, we shall here confine ourselves to Indian.

iii. THE HINDU BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

The limits of the discussion exclude any attempt, even were such possible, to discover by the analysis of Indo-European words or legends, whether there are any traces of the belief before the Aryan family divided into its several Asiatic and European branches.

Our present enquiry has to do only with the Hindus and Greeks, and so must start, as regards both, with their earliest extant literature.

1. THE HYMNS OF THE RIG-VEDA.

In the earlier books of this Veda the indications of the belief are few, and, in some respects, indefinite.* This, indeed, was to be expected. The religion there revealed exists still in great part under the forms of the old nature-worship, though it moves in a circle of spiritual ideas, not indeed distinctly conceived, but floating like shadows unrealized in the individual and general consciousness. The gods are conceived more or less under physical forms, and so thought is occupied with the visible manifestations of the gods and their present relations to man rather than with modes of being and relations invisible and future.

Thus intimations of a belief in a life after death could not be numerous, but the sparseness of the intimations does not argue the uncertainty of the belief. Agni † Soma, ‡ the Maruts, § Mitra and Varuna, || are implored to grant immortality. By liberality ¶ and sacrifice ** a man "attains immortality," "goes to the gods," meets in the highest heaven the recompense of the sacrifices he has offered. The Vedic notion of immortality was not, indeed, like ours, a positive abstract conception, but an indefinite concrete representation. Still it was as comprehensive and affirmative as was possible to these early Hindus,—the very immortality attributed to their gods. †† Hence, to them it seemed a spe-

* Muir's Original Sanscrit Texts, v. 284, ff.; Wilson's Hymns of the Rig-Veda, i. xxv.; Max Müller's Ancient Sans. Lit. 19, note 2.

† R.-V., v. 4, 10; i. 81, 7.

‡ R.-V., ix. 113, 7. ff.; Muir's Sans. Texts, v. 305; R.-V., i. 191, 18.

§ R.-V., v. 55, 4.

|| R.-V., v. 63, 2.

¶ R.-V., i. 125, 5; x. 107, 2.

** x. 14, 8.

†† In certain cases, as possibly R.-V. v. 4, 10, the

cies of deification. The man who had been made immortal had become a minor deity. Thus, the Ribhus had "become gods," gone to the assemblage of the gods.* Hence, too, the belief is expressed less in the hopes of the living than in their thoughts touching the dead. "Our sage ancestors have obtained riches among the gods,"† as "companions of the gods"‡ they are implored to be "propitious"§ to "protect,"|| not to injure.¶ The faith in the continued life of the fathers is thus so strong as to rise almost to apotheosis. Death had not annihilated the Fathers, need not annihilate the Sons, and so they pray to be "added to the people of eternity, the blessed."**

The belief in a life after death seems thus to have grown up round the thought of the fathers, or simply the dead. Primitive man conscious of "life in every limb," could know nothing of death—could only conceive the dead as still alive. And as the only notion of life outside and above nature was associated with the gods, a life akin to the Divine was attributed to the departed ancestors. Thus the belief stands enshrined in the heart of the Vedic religion, interwoven, on the one hand, with the idea of God, on the other, with the memory of the Fathers. And that it had grown with the history of the people, a primitive legend seems to show. In the later books of the Rig-Veda the future life stands impersonated, as it were, in Yama. Now Yama is the Iranian Yima. His father is in the Vedas Vivasvat, in the Zend Avesta Vivanghat. The names in each case are identical, and indicate that some legend connected with them must have existed prior to the separation of the Indian and Iranian Aryans.††

Immortality meant was to be realized on earth in offspring (Muir, Sans. Texts, v. 285, note 415). But a comparison of the above texts with iv. 54, 2; vi. 7, 4; ix. 106, 8; x. 63, 10, &c., will bear out the statement of the text. In truth, Vedic thought had not yet learned to affirm an absolute immortality.

* R.-V., i. 161, 1-5; iv. 35, 3, and 8. Muir, Sans. Texts, v. 226 and 284.

† R.-V., i. 91, 1; i. 179, 6.

‡ R.-V., vii. 76, 4.

§ R.-V., vi. 75, 10; vii. 35, 12.

|| R.-V., vi. 52, 4.

¶ iii. 55, 2.

** vii. 57, 6. Muir, Sans. Texts, v. 28, 5.

†† It is not possible to enter here in any satisfactory way into any of the many questions, critical, philosophical, mythological, historical, connected with this legend. As to its existence in the Aryan period, and its bearing on the relationship of the Iranian and Indian branches, see Dr. Muir, Sanscrit Texts, ii. 296, 459, f; Spiegel, *Iranische Alterthümer*, 489 f.; Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* i. 619, ff (2nd ed.). For an exhaustive critical and philosophical discussion of the legend under its Iranian and Indian forms, see Prof. Roth's Article, "Die Sage von Dschemschid," *Zeitsch. d. Deuts. Morg. Ges.*

But the legend survives in the two branches under two different forms. The Iranian Yima is the founder and king of a golden age, during whose reign neither sickness nor age nor death, neither cold nor heat, neither hatred nor strife, existed. The Indian Yama is the king of the dead, the assembler of men who departed to the mighty streams and spied out the road for many.* But the legends, though different, are not contradictory. The tradition of the first man who lived might well include, or glide into, the tradition of the first man who died. In the ordinary course of nature, the one would be the other; and so the legend, in its original form, might comprehend both the Iranian and Indian versions. And the division is explicable enough. The Iranic, as a reformed faith, seeking for itself a moral basis, clung to the picture of a golden past, where the antagonisms it hated were unknown. The Indian, less moral, more imaginative, caught in the toils of a nature-worship, sighed for relief and sought it in the kingdom of light into which the son of Vivasvat had been the first to return. And so, while the legend in the one case passed through a series of developments in which Yima and his golden age gradually deteriorated, it became in the other the centre round which the Hindu doctrine of the future life developed. The processes were similar, but the result different, because the mythical faculty had its objects placed in different spheres.

Yama, then, is the highest expression of the later Vedic faith in a future life. He dwells in celestial light, in the innermost sanctuary of heaven.† He and the Fathers are "in the highest heaven." He grants to the departed "an abode distinguished by days, and waters, and lights."‡ He

sel. iv. 417, 433. Also, Duncker's *Geschichte der Arier*, 453, ff. For a discussion as well as an annotated translation of the passages in the Rig-Veda referring to Yama, see Dr. Muir's *Sanscrit Texts*, v. 287, ff.; 300, ff. Professor Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii. 451, ff., resolves the Yama legend as given in the Rig-Veda into one of the myths of the Dawn, Yama, the day, Yami, his sister, the night. Without attempting to discuss the question with the above distinguished scholar, I may simply say that his mythological theory seems to me to be too narrow and exclusive. It is so occupied with nature as to leave little or no room for the exercise of thought and imagination upon the condition and destiny of man. The tragic elements of human life, birth and death, must have touched primitive mind quite as profoundly as the rising and the setting sun; and the Yama legend appears to be pre-eminently one of those in which the thoughts of men concerning man found expression.

* R.-V., x. 14, 1; Muir's Sans. Texts, v. 291, ff.
† R.-V., ix. 113, 7 and 8; Muir's Sans. Texts, v. 302.

‡ R.-V., x. 14, 8 and 9.

grants a "long life among the gods."* He is associated with the god Varuna, worshipped as a god, and "feasts according to his desire on the oblations."† "He shares his gratification with the eager Vasishthas, our ancient ancestors who presented the Soma libation."‡ Yama and the Fathers thus enjoy immortal blessedness in heaven. Such was the intense faith of the later Vedic poets. But as the faith was evolved so was the question—How can we be raised to the society of Yama and the Fathers? Their ancestors, the men of the heroic age which lies always in the past, deserved to be made immortal, but how was immortality possible to their less worthy sons? And here a decisive and determinating peculiarity of the early Hindu faith emerged. Future happiness had a sacerdotal, as distinguished from a religious, or moral, or national basis—rested, not so much on virtue or heroism, as on the worship of sacerdotal deities and the practice of sacerdotal rites. The old natural deities, though now and then implored to grant immortality, are as a rule, limited to action in the sphere of the present and the seen; but the sacerdotal deities, i.e., gods formed from the deification of the instruments of worship, were the great distributors of future happiness. Thus, Agni is "made by the gods the centre of immortality," § guards and exalts mortals to it; || warms with his heat the unborn part and conveys it to the world of the righteous. ¶ Soma "confers immortality on gods and men." *** He is implored to place his worshipper "in that everlasting and imperishable world where there is eternal light and glory." †† Those who have drunk the Soma have "become immortal," "have entered into light." †‡ Then sacerdotal rites like sacrifice, or virtues like liberality to the priests, purchase immortality. §§ So comprehensive and absolute is the supremacy of the sacerdotal element in the later Vedic religion that the other gods are now and then represented as dependent for immortality and enjoyment upon the sacerdotal deities or rites. |||

* R.-V., x, 14, 14. † R.-V., x, 14, 7; x, 15, 8.

‡ R.-V., x, 15, 6.

§ R.-V., III, 17, 4.

|| R.-V., I, 31, 7; VII, 7, 7.

¶ R.-V., x, 16, 4. See also passages from Atharva-Veda, in Dr. Muir's Sans. Texts, v, 299, ff.

** R.-V., I, 91, 1, 6, 18; IX, 108, 8; IX, 106, 3. See also the chapter on Indra's love of the Soma-juice, in Dr. Muir's Sans. Texts, v, 88, ff.

† R.-V., IX, 113, 7, f.

†† R.-V., VIII, 45, 3.

‡‡ R.-V., x, 164, 8-6; x, 107, 2.

§§ Several illustrative passages will be found in Dr. Muir's Sans. Texts, v, 14, ff.

The influence of this sacerdotalism on the development of the Hindu faith in general, and the belief in the future life of the soul in particular, must here be distinctly recognized. The question is not as to its origin, but as to its influence. Its source is psychological, and it forms an essential element in all religions—is represented in our Christian faith by the sacrifice and priesthood of Christ; but for reasons which cannot be stated here, it grew very early to portentous proportions and exercised a baneful influence among the Hindus. The Vedic religion may be described as a naturalism with a nascent sacerdotalism super-induced. In the earlier Vedic era the natural was the predominant element, but in the later the sacerdotal. When a religion is passing through such a phase of development, there runs beneath or within it a stream of what may be termed unconscious metaphysics—general tendencies understood at the time in whole by few, perhaps by none, understood in part by many, but felt by all. The new element has to assert and justify itself against the old by creating for the religion it seeks to transform a new basis, radically different from the old naturalism; and so the result is a two-fold development—the growth of religious rites on the one hand, and of abstract conceptions on the other. But while the former are manifested in the general constitution and practice of religion, the latter can appear only in particular and partial utterances. Here and there an individual gathers into himself the dim and diffused consciousness of the people, expresses it in hymn or aphorism, and the expression, a mirror to the collective mind, seems the result of Divine inspiration. Hence, while the speculative and mystical hymns in the tenth book of the Rig-Veda form, in almost every respect, contrasts to the spontaneous and objective compositions of the earlier books, they are yet only concentrated utterances of thoughts which have been throughout the whole Vedic era slowly accumulating and assuming consistency and shape. They are like early spring flowers, at once manifestations of forces at work in the earth and prophecies of what is to come.

This double growth of sacerdotalism and abstract thought stands very clearly revealed in the tenth book of the Rig-Veda. The priesthood is professional, a priest necessary to worship. The sacrificial rites are numerous and minute. The value attached to prayers, hymns, sacrifices, excessive. The new sacerdotalism is

superseding the old naturalism, and abstract thought is seen struggling to find a new basis and new forms for the changing religion. Creation is conceived as a sacrifice, either the self-immolation of a god, or the immolation of one god, by others.* Sacrifice is the cause of human prosperity and the processes of nature.† The Brahman is the son of god, sprung from divine seed.‡ The Vedic poets are the organs and offspring of deity.§ The hymns are divine, god-generated, or given, and enter into the Rishis by sacrifice.|| The speculative tendencies thus incline to assume sacerdotal forms. Now and then, indeed, an exceptional thinker, either above or outside priestly influence, asks and tries to answer the profoundest questions in simple but sublime words.¶ Speculation, partly the victim of the old naturalism as embalmed in language, partly the seer and exponent of the eternal truths there contained, finds in life ever emerging from death the principle that abides amid the decay and renewal of nature and man. This, indeed, is but guessed at not explicitly developed; but the guess extends to the procession of gods and men from a common source of life. The seeds of Hindu speculation lie like the germs of Brahmanism in the later Vedic Hymns.

The belief in a life after death expressed in the later Vedic Hymns must now be looked at in the light of sacerdotal and speculative tendencies. Sacerdotalism held command over the future; it could reward and punish. The realms of light, the world of the righteous, the society of the fathers, a festive life with Yama, a life in the presence of the gods, immortality in a world where all the objects of gratification are attained, were in its gift. And it also knew an "abyss,"** a "bottomless" and "nethermost" "darkness" †† for the wicked. Speculation has to seek a reason or ground for this sacerdotal power, and sees it, in a far-off sort of way, in the unity of human nature with the divine, broken by the earthly life, but

restored by sacrifice. Thought had divined that unity in the source of life implied the creation and derivative immortality of the gods. It had deified the fathers, deified the rishis, and so had learned to conceive the permanent element in man as akin to the divine. On this ground pre- and post-existence become alike natural, complementary conceptions. And so Agni is implored in a funeral hymn to kindle with his heat the "unborn part" of the dead; to "give up again to the Fathers him who comes offered with oblations."* To the soul of the departed it is said, "Throwing off all imperfection again go to thy home."† Man has had a past, will have a future, has come from God and may to God return. And there is another side to the thought indicative of its ultimate anthropological form, as distinguished from the other, or theological. The dead is told to "become united to a body and clothed in a shining form."‡ The varied constituents of the body are told to go to the elements to which they are akin.§ The like seeks the like. Without body or form individual life is inconceivable. And over all sacrifice presides, bringing the gods to receive the "unborn part," carrying it to the homes of Yama and the Fathers.

In these Vedic Hymns, then, the belief in a life after death changes with the change in the religion. In the older Naturalism, it was a simple belief in the continued life of the fathers; in the later embryo-sacerdotalism, it is becoming related, on its material side, to the idea of God, on its formal, to the observance of religious rites. The older faith had as its objects persons, but the later is slowly refining its objects into abstractions. A Pantheism as to God, a theory of transmigration as to man,|| had not yet been

* R.-V., x. 16, 4-5.

† R.-V., x. 14, 8.

‡ R.-V., x. 14, 8.

§ R.-V., x. 16, 8.

|| The only verse from the Rig-Veda ever quoted in proof of transmigration being believed when the hymns were composed is, 1. 164, 32. Professor Wilson renders:—"He who has made (this state of things) does not comprehend it; he who has beheld it, has it verily hidden (from him); he, whilst yet enveloped in his mother's womb, is subject to many births, and has entered upon evil." (Hymns of the R.-V., vol. II. 157, 158.) But as the late Professor Goldstucker observed (Art. Transmigration, Chambers' Encyclop.), "The word of the text, *bahuprajah*, rendered by Wilson, according to the commentators, 'is subject to many births,' may, according to the same commentators, also mean, 'has many offsprings,' or 'has many children;' and as the latter is the more literal and usual sense of the word, whereas the former is artificial, no conclusion whatever regarding the doctrine of transmigration can safely be founded on it." Besides, such a doctrine is entirely alien to Vedic modes of thought.

* R.-V., x. 81, 5; x. 130, 3. But particularly the celebrated *Purusha Sukta*, x. 90. See this hymn translated, explained, and illustrated at great length and on all sides in Dr. Muir's *Sans. Texts*, vol. I. 8, ff.; vol. v. 367, ff.

† R.-V., x. 62, 1-3, and very frequently.

‡ R.-V., vii. 33, 11-13; x. 62, 4-5.

§ R.-V., x. 20, 10; x. 61, 7.

|| R.-V., x. 71, 8; x. 125, 3; x. 88, 8; x. 61, 7.

¶ See the extraordinary hymn, R.-V., x. 129, translated under the title, "The Thinker's Question," in Professor Max Müller's *Anc. Sans. Lit.*, p. 564. Also by Dr. Muir, iv. 4, and v. 356, ff.; and by Mr. Colebrooke, *Essays*, p. 17 (Williams and Norgate's edition).

** R.-V., vii. 104, 3, 17; ix. 73, 8.

†† R.-V., x. 152, 4; x. 103, 12.

evolved, but the seeds of both had been sown, and had even, under the forcing influences of the nascent sacerdotalism begun to germinate. The seeds were still under the foot, still in the earth, while the Vedic Rishis lived, but in the centuries which followed those seeds grew into forests, in which their sons were inextricably entangled and hopelessly bewildered.

2. THE BRAHMANAS.*

These mark the next point at which the inquiry into the Hindu belief in the soul's life after death can be resumed, and its growth measured. Sacerdotalism is now "full-blown."† The Aryans have penetrated further into India. The consequent changes and conquests have contributed to the growth of Brahmanical pretensions. The priest has extended and deepened his command over time and eternity. The number of the sacrifices has been increased, their efficacy heightened, their minutest details made essential. The supersession of the old Vedic naturalism is complete. The names of the old gods remain, but their natures are changed.

The speculative principles which form the basis of this full-blown sacerdotalism have also developed.

Thought has changed the formal into the material element. To it sacrifice had first pleased, then commanded, then become greater than the gods, and, finally, the source of gods, man, and the universe.

Prayer or devotion rises by similar processes to Brahma (Neuter), the supreme the self-existent.

The gods became immortal by sacrifice.‡ Brahma generated out of himself the universe,§ was, as to his essence, in the Brahman, pervaded and so made the once mortal gods immortal.|| Sacerdotal thought, pursuing its career of abstraction, has thus deified its own conceptions. Brahmanical sacrifice is the source and basis and very substance of the universe. Brahmanical thought is eternal, its vehicle divine. The old worship still stands, only in more developed forms, but sacerdotal thought, at once idealizing and abstractive, has explained into, or inserted be-

neath it, a circle of ideas evolved from, but destructive of, the old.

In harmony with these general tendencies, the belief in a life after death has alike on its material and formal sides developed. There is the clear conception of another life conditioned, as to its nature and issues, by the present. The rewards received in it are determined by the sacrifices offered here. The greater the latter in number and value, the higher the former. These rewards are, indeed, on one side, continued individual life, proportioned in its felicity and duration to the quantity and quality of the sacrifices performed; but they point, on another side, to a union with Brahma, or a transmutation into other gods, which is hardly compatible with continued individuality. Thus it is said that he who sacrifices in a certain way "conquers for himself an union with these two gods (Aditya and Agni), and an abode in the same sphere."** Again, those who offer particular sacrifices "become Agni, Varuna, or Indra, attain to union and the same spheres with these gods respectively."† Again, "he who sacrifices with a burnt offering arrives by Agni as the door to Brahma, and, having so arrived, he attains to a union with Brahma, and abides in the same sphere with him."‡ And he who reached this union was not, while he who did not reach it was, subject to repeated births and changes. Thus, a passage of the S'atapatha Brahmana represents the gods as made immortal by certain sacrifices, and then proceeds:—"Death saith to the gods, in the very same way, all men (also) shall become immortal, then what portion will remain for me?" The gods replied, "Henceforward no other being shall become immortal with his body, when thou shalt have seized that part. Now, every one who is to become immortal through knowledge, or by work, shall become immortal after parting with his body." This, which they said "by knowledge or by work," means that knowledge which is Agni, that work which is Agni. Those who so know this, or who perform this rite, are born again after death, and, by being so born, they attain immortality. Whilst those who do not so know, or who do not perform this rite, are, indeed, born again after death, but become again and again his food.§

* As to the date of the Brahmanas, the place they occupy in Sanscrit literature, their design, relation to the Vedas, &c., see Max Muller's *Anc. Sans. Lit.* pp. 342, ff.; Muir's *Sans. Texts*, ii. pp. 173, ff.

† Professor Roth, quoted in Dr. Muir's *Sans. Texts*, ii. 183.

‡ S'atapatha Brahmana, x. 4, 3, 1-8; xi. 1, 2, 12.

§ S'atap. Brahmana, xi. 2, 3, 1; xiii. 7, 1, 1.

|| S'atap. Brah., xi. 2, 3, 1. ff. See a variety of passages in Muir's *Sans. Texts*, iv. 24, ff.; v. 237, ff.

* S'atap. Brah., xi. 6, 2, 2, 3.

† Ib., ii. 6, 4, 8.

‡ Ib., xi. 4, 4, 1.

§ x. 4, 3, 9. Translated in Dr. Muir's *Sans. Texts*, iv. 43, f.; v. 316, f. All the passages quoted in this

The first italicized clause plainly promises final emancipation from death; the second as plainly implies successive appearances in a bodily form, subject to mortality. And the same thought is, in another passage, thus expressed:—"He who does so (studies the Veda) is freed from dying a second time, and attains to a union with Brahma."* The Brahmanas, then, did not regard the state after death as necessarily final. It was so to the good who attained the abode of the gods, or union with Brahma, but was not so to the bad. Hence the balances in which a man's deeds are weighed may be either in this world or the next. If a man places himself in the balances here he escapes them hereafter, but, if not, then he must be weighed there, and follow the result; † i.e., the pious in this life escape all changes in the next, others shall be subjected to change, determined by the relative proportions of the good and evil deeds placed in the balances.

Again, the theory alike of reward and retribution is that like seeks like, or, rather, that the reward is of the same nature as the merit, the punishment as the sin. "Hence they say that a man is born into the world which he has made."‡ "So many sacrifices as a man has performed when he departs from this world, with so many is he born in the other world after his death."§ Certain sacrifices "free from the mortal body" and raise to heaven, certain others "conquer" for the offerer much less.|| Certain sacrifices secure a more, others a less, spiritual body.¶ Some become the soul of the sacrificer, and ensure his birth with his whole body in the next world, but others are of more limited efficacy.** On the other hand, the punishments of the wicked are akin in nature, and proportioned in degree, to their sins here. Thus a legend which Professor Weber extracts from the S'atapatha Brahmana†† gives, while illustrating

the differences between the old and the new belief, quite a Dantesque picture of their sufferings. Bhrigu, the son of Varuna, is sent by his father to the four points of the compass to be instructed by what he sees there. He goes and finds in each quarter men being either hacked in pieces or eaten by other men, who keep saying, "This to thee, this to me." Bhrigu asks why they do so, and is told, "These did so to us in the other world, we do so to them again here." This is the legend in its original and ethical form; the explanation shows it transmuted into the later or sacerdotal. The men are made to represent respectively the wood, milk, grass, and water used in the Agnihotra sacrifice. He who sacrifices conquers the powers of nature these typify. He who does not becomes, in the next world, their victim; is divided and eaten there by plants and animals as he divided and ate them here. The change significantly illustrates the tendencies of Brahmanical thought. There is a certain community of nature between man and the world; the one can suffer at the hands of the other. Sacrifice has power to unite man to God, or to deliver him to punitive material forces. He can be assimilated to the Highest or subordinated to the lowest.

The Brahmanas thus show our belief in a much more developed state than the Vedas. Their future state is not necessarily final; it may and it may not be so. Its highest reward, union with Brahma, gives finality, but not its lower. A man may become again and again the food of death. Then its punishments are received at the hands of Nature unconquered by sacrifice. And the ideas that form the roots of these representations are monistic. Speculation more or less consciously recognizes the essence of all beings as one;

mild disposition and thoughtful spirit of the Indians, an eternity of reward or punishment would not appear probable. To them it must have seemed possible to expiate by atonement and purification the punishment due to the sins committed in this short life. And, according to their opinion, the reward for virtues exercised in the same brief period could not endure for ever." (Loc. cit., p. 22.) But the roots of the doctrine are to be sought in the metaphysical, not in the moral, ideas of the Indians. The notion of everlasting reward, though not perhaps in a European or Christian sense, had been reached in the Brahmanas, and was the result of sacerdotalism crudely conceiving its own efficacy. Everlasting punishment was not conceived under a final form, but there was what might stand as its equivalent. Sacerdotalism could not allow those who had despised its authority to pass for ever out of its power. Transmigration did for the Eastern priesthood what purgatory did for the Western, but the dominant sacerdotalism in each case only developed and translated into a form suitable to its own use the matter of the general belief.

section will be found in the sixth chapter of 18th Section of latter volume.

* S'atap. Brah. xl. 5, 6, 9.

† Ib. xl. 2, 7, 33.

‡ Ib. vi. 2, 2, 27.

§ S'atap. Brah. x. 6, 3, 1.

|| Ib. xl. 2, 6, 13.

¶ Ib. x. 1, 5, 4.

** Ib. iv. 6, 11; xl. 1, 8, 6; xii. 8, 3, 31.

†† Eine Legende des S'atapatha-Brahmana, über die Strafe der Vergeltung nach dem Tode, Indische Streifen, i. pp. 20-30. See an epitome with ample and instructive illustrations in Dr. Muir's Sans. Texts, v. 314. ff. Professor Weber attempts, in his remarks on the above legend, to explain the origin of the belief in transmigration. He says:—"The Brahmanas do not speak distinctly concerning the duration of their rewards and punishments, and here manifestly is the starting-point of the dogma of transmigration to be sought. To men of the

sacerdotalism quite consciously determines under what mode man shall exist. Its being is so bound up with the faith in a future life that it cannot allow that faith to perish.

3. THE UPANISHADS.*

The sacerdotal, as the formal and sensible, can never be to thoughtful minds the ultimate and highest element of religion. Worship in any form is a mediator, a mode in which man tries by articulate or inarticulate expression to speak to God. Intense and subtle spirits always seek to dispense with this mediator, to get face to face with God, discover what he is, and what their ultimate relations to Him.

Worship, whether sacerdotal or devotional, reposes upon and expresses certain doctrinal or speculative principles, and the more clearly these are comprehended, the more does the worship seem, so far as the instructed or initiated are concerned, a circuitous and unnecessary medium of intercourse and what it may involve. Hence, within every sacerdotal religion, yet above it, its contradiction, yet its offspring, a mystical or theosophic tendency is sure to rise. On the other hand, a doctrinal religion, i.e., one which consists of formulated principles, or propositions addressed to the intellect, is as a rule antagonistic to mysticism. Thus, Greek theosophic thought is found, as in the Orphici, Pythagoreans, and Neo-Platonists, allied with elaborate and symbolical worships. Thus, too, Roman Catholicism has been rich, Protestantism comparatively poor, in eminent mystics. Tauler and Eckhart, Saint Theresa and Saint Catherine, Fenelon and Madame Guion, are natural products of the former, hardly to be matched in the latter. Thus, too, Lutheranism as compared with Calvinism, has been prolific in mystics, and can boast of Jacob Behmen and Emanuel Swedenborg, two of the most eminent. The reason seems to be, that a doctrinal religion has, but a sacerdotal has not, the semblance of ultimate truth, and so an intense intellect, while it may rest satisfied with the first, cannot with the second, but craves to pierce the temporal forms to the eternal God behind.

This theosophic phase of thought, inevitable in India from its peculiar religious development, receives distinct expression in the Upanishads. It had existed as a tendency even in the Rig-Veda. The tenth

book contains, not only the products of abstract thought, but praises of (tapas) austerity, rigorous abstraction. Right and truth are represented as springing from kindled austerity.* The sages of a thousand songs become by austere fervour invincible, went by it to heaven.† And in the speculative hymns its influence is indicated. That one which breathed breathless, while as yet death was not, nor immortality, was developed by the power of fervour (tapas).‡ This was the first step in the path of pure theosophic speculation. By austerity a limit was put to sacerdotalism — it might avail for the many, not for the elect few. In austere fervour there was generated the thought which strove to find a footing on the Ultimate Reality, to stand face to face with the first and final cause. And so the rishi became ambitious to practise austere fervour, the Brahman to leave sacerdotalism for asceticism, to become a *śāśvata*, absorbed in the study of the Veda or the contemplation of Brahma.§ Hence arose the theosophic speculation which stands expressed in the Upanishads.

These embody attempts of generic similarity, but with specific differences, to construct the universe on the basis of abstract thought. Ascetic speculation must always, indeed, have either an accepted premise or a foregone conclusion, though it may so transform the formulas under which these are expressed as to change their meaning. Thus Brahma remains in the Upanishads as the supreme, the self-existent, but has lost his sacerdotal extraction and relations, and been transmuted into the Soul of the World.|| The metaphysical conception of life or soul has replaced the priestly conception of deified prayer or devotion. How then is this universal soul to be conceived? If as absolute, it becomes a congeries of contradictions, defined yet undefined, endowed with, yet devoid of, form, without limit yet limited.¶ This simply meant as it always must mean, that you cannot think an object without thinking a quality, and predication is limitation.

* R.-V., x. 180, 1.

† R.-V., 125, 2. In x. 167, 1. It is said of Indra, "By performing austerity thou didst conquer heaven."

‡ R.-V., x. 129, 2, 3.

§ Lassen, Ind. Alterthumsk. 1. 698 (2nd ed.); 590 (1st ed.)

|| The Atman, which was the offspring and finite individualization of the paramatman, belongs to the theosophic rather than sacerdotal thought of India. As to the relation between the two words, see Max Müller's *Anc. Sans. Lit.*, pp. 19, g.; Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* 1. pp. 916, f.

¶ *Taittiriya Upanishad*, ii. 6; Roer's Translation, *Bibliotheca Indica*, xv., p. 18; *Katha Up.*, iii. 15; *Id.*, p. 108. And similarly often.

* For the literary questions connected with the Upanishads, see Professor Max Müller's *Anc. Sans. Lit.*, pp. 317, ff.; Colebrooke's *Essays*, *Essay on the Sacred writings of the Hindus*, particularly, p. 55.

Determinatio est negatio. If conceived as relative, then the only relation possible was one of evolution. Brahma, the universal soul, could become the Universe—it could not exist over against Brahma. “As the spider casts out and draws in (his web), as on the earth the annual herbs are produced, as from living man the hairs of the head and body spring forth, so is produced the universe from the indestructible (Brahma).”*

How, again, shall the relation of the many to the one, the individual soul to the universal, be conceived? As there was in reality only one Being, Brahma,† individual existence was but seeming, the result of ignorance. Those who knew Brahma became Brahma,‡ those who did not know him were, in the degree of their ignorance, miserable, of their (comparative) knowledge, exalted and blest.§ For this old intra-sacerdotal speculation had, like every similar phase of thought similarly developed, to evolve the distinction between esoterics and exoterics. There are two sciences, the higher and the lower, and for those incapable of either, there are works.|| Those who perform works, i.e., the customary sacrifices, gain only a perishable and transient reward, and must “undergo again decay and death,” “go round and round, oppressed by misery, like blind people led by blind.”¶ The lower knowledge comprehends the several Vedas, accentuation, ritual, grammar, &c.; but this, while securing a higher reward than works, still leaves the individual soul the victim of birth and death. Knowledge of Brahma as the universal soul, of the individual soul as Brahma, can alone give rest. “Thus knowing, he (Vāmadēva), after the destruction of this body, being elevated (from this world), and having obtained all desires in the place of heaven, became immortal.”** “Whoever knows this supreme Brahma becomes even Brahma, so overcomes grief, he overcomes sin, he becomes immortal.”††

In the Upanishads the belief in immortality thus receives marked development. Theosophic, as distinguished from sacerdotal speculation, now beings it into clear

and recognized relation with the idea of God. The former attempts to understand the Universe from its notion of the ultimate or highest Being; the latter from its own claims and modes of worship. The one, since it educes all beings from the absolute Unity, asserts the eternity of the soul; but the other, since mainly anxious to found and extend its own claims, asserts an immortality whose good or evil states it can command. Theosophic speculation, again, does not, like philosophic, construct its idea of God out of its idea of man, but conversely, its idea of man out of its idea of God. Hence, since it starts with the absolute, it loses the notion of personality both as regards God and man, and the only relations it can conceive are metaphysical, not moral, necessary and evolutionary, not voluntary and creational. It is not concerned with the question of immortality as such—that is settled by its fundamental assumption. Nothing that has issued from the universal soul can perish. The only questions that can concern it touch the processes of evolution and involution, emanation from God and return into Him. The first process can admit indefinite gradations of being between God and man, as the gnostic systems witness; the second can admit as many stages and transmutations of being, as Brahmanism can best exemplify. The Upanishads have thus developed the notion of immortality into that of eternity, and made individuality an evil and a privation, since the detention of the individual from return into the universal soul. And so, at this point, theosophic speculation and sacerdotalism join hands; both seeking union with Brahma, renounce the belief in a personal immortality.

The following dialogue well illustrates the doctrine and spirit of the Upanishads. Yajñavalkya about to withdraw into the forest to meditate upon Brahma and attain immortality, wishes to take farewell of his wife Maitreyi. She asks him “What my Lord knoweth (of immortality) may he tell that to me?”

Yajñavalkya replied, “Thou who art truly dear to me, thou speakest dear words. Sit down, I will explain it to thee, and listen well to what I say.” And he said, “A husband is loved, not because you love the husband, but because you love in him the Divine Spirit (atma, the absolute self). A wife is loved, not because we love the wife, but because we love in her the Divine Spirit; children are loved, not because we love the children, but because we love the Divine Spirit in

* Mundaka Up., i. 1, 7; Roer, *ut supra*, 151; Katha Up., vi. 1; Roer, 116.

† Ch'handogya Up. v. a dialogue from which is quoted by Colebrooke, *Essays*, pp. 50-53 (Williams & Norgate's ed.); Vajasaneya Up., 5-7; Roer, p. 72.

‡ Mundaka Up., iii, 2, 4, 6, and 8; Roer, pp. 163-4.

§ Vajasaneya Up., 9-14, with notes; Roer, p. 73.

¶ Mundaka Up., i, 1, 4-5; Roer, p. 151. See also Kena and Katha Ups., with Roer's introductions and notes.

|| Mundaka Up., i, 2, 7-8; Roer, 154.

** Altareya Up., ii, 4, 6; Roer, p. 32.

†† Mundaka Up., iii, 2, 9; Roer, 164.

them. The spirit it is which we love when we seem to love wealth, Brahmins, Kshattriyas, this world, the gods, all beings, this universe. The Divine Spirit, O beloved wife, is to be seen, to be heard, to be perceived, and to be meditated upon. If we see, hear, perceive, and know him, O Maitreyi, then this whole universe is known to us.*

"It is with us when we enter into the Divine Spirit, as if a lump of salt was thrown into the sea: it becomes dissolved into the water from which it was produced, and is not to be taken out again. But wherever you take the water and taste it, it is salt. Thus is this great endless and boundless Being but one mass of knowledge. As the water becomes salt and the salt becomes water again; thus has the Divine Spirit appeared from out the elements and disappears again into them. When we have passed away there is no longer any name. This I tell thee, my wife," said, Yajnavalkya.

Maitreyi said, "My Lord, here thou hast bewildered me, saying that there is no longer any name when we have passed away."

And Yajnavalkya replied, "My wife, what I say is not bewildering, it is sufficient for the highest knowledge. For if there be as it were two beings then the one sees the other, the one hears, perceives, and knows the other. But if the one Divine Self be the whole of all this, whom, or through whom should he see, hear, perceive, or know? How should he know himself, by whom he knows everything (himself)? How, my wife, should he know himself the knower? Thus thou hast been taught, Maitreyi; this is immortality."

Having said this, Yajnavalkya left his wife for ever, and went into the solitude of the forests.†

* This early Hindu mysticism is far nobler than the later mysticism of the Bhagavad-Gita, where the existence of all things in God is prostituted to the basest uses, to teach indifference to the character and results of all actions. The earlier mysticism, as exhibited in the dialogue quoted in the text, may be compared with the German mysticism of the fourteenth century, to which it bears in some respects a remarkable resemblance. The doctrine of love in the one paragraph may be compared with Eckhart's (Wackernagel's *Altdeutsches Lesebuch*, p. 891). The doctrine of the other paragraph with Ruysbroek's, that all who are "raised above the creaturely condition into a contemplative life are one with the divine glory, yea, are that glory," become "one with the same light, by means of which they see, and which they see." (Ruysbroek's *Vier Schriften*, p. 144.)

† The above dialogue, extracted from the *Bṛihadaranyaka*, is abridged from a translation in Professor Max Müller's *Anc. Sans. Lit.*, pp. 22-25. See also Colebrooke's *Essays*, p. 39 (W. & N.'s ed.)

4. THE LAWS OF MANU.*

Theosophic speculation elaborated the notion of God as the world-soul, from which, by necessary evolution, individual souls emanated, into which by knowledge, possible only after many changes of form, they returned. Sacerdotalism accepted and assimilated the notion, and made it the basis of its authority and claims. Of men, the Brahman stood nearest to Brahma, and was "the lord of the whole creation."† The other classes had their position and dignity determined by their several degrees of distance from the universal soul, and so the caste system was founded in the divine order of the universe.‡ Veritable divinity was made to hedge the Brahman. He was an incarnation of Dharma. He was born above the world, the chief of all creatures. The wealth of the universe was, in fact, though not in form, his.§

But the peculiar province of sacerdotalism is the future. Its sovereignty is possible only in an age of intense faith in a hereafter, whose graduated rewards and punishments are in the hands of the priesthood. The *Divina Commedia* is the creation of the same century and system as Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. The faith embodied in the detested Pope inspired the detesting poet. The same schoolmen, who proved in detail the claims of the Papacy, painted in detail the horrors of hell. So while the Brahmins made the theosophic theory of emanation the basis of their claims, the sanctions which enforced them were drawn from the migrations of the soul before it could attain union with Brahma. Souls were seen everywhere and in everything. The generic difference between minerals and vegetables, animals and men, men and gods was abolished. The present stood connected alike with past and future, determined by the one, determining the other. The theories of individual existence and transmigration were, in a manner, combined. There were heavens for the reward of merit, hells for the punishment of demerit, each with a graduated scale, glorious enough in the one case, horrible enough in the other. When the rewards of the one,

* The Laws of Manu, as marking the last development of the earlier Brahmanical sacerdotalism, are here placed between the earlier speculations of the Upanishads and the later speculations of the philosophical systems. For questions connected with their date, &c., see Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* i. pp. 882, f.; Duncker's *Geschichte der Arier*, pp. 134, f. (text and note).

† Laws of Manu, i. 93.

‡ Manu. i. 31; also same relation, though on different grounds, stated, xii. 40-50.

§ Manu, i. 98-101.

or the punishments* of the other, had exhausted the merit or demerit contracted in a former state of being, a new birth had to be undergone, determined by the previous life.† The sinner descended, the righteous ascended, in the scale of existence. The virtuous Sudra becomes a Vaisya, the Vaisya a Kshatriya, the Kshatriya a Brahman, and the Brahman, when a perfectly holy and sinless man, returns by knowledge into Brahma.‡ If a man steals a cow, he shall be re-born as a crocodile or lizard; if grain, as a rat; if fruit, as an ape.§ He who attempts to murder a Brahman, or sheds his blood, or kills him, is punished a hundred or thousand years in the several hells, and then born again and again in animal forms degraded in proportion to his crime.|| And to these mutations and migrations hardly any limit was recognized. The soul might glide "through ten thousand millions" of births or more.¶ Absorption was the prize of the elect few; transmigration the doom of the many. Only the selected Brahmins attained the first; almost the whole world revolved in the dreary circle of the second.

Now this point of the Brahmanical faith was exactly the point most intelligible, most credible, and most terrible to the people.** It had grown up in the bosom of the ancient worship, and unfolded itself with the unfolding national mind. Theosophic speculations as to the world-soul were too recondite to be generally understood; but sacerdotalism, developing as society developed had its claims and their sanctions unconsciously conceded. Transmigration had its roots in the Brahmanical conception of God; but the people had grown into it without knowing whence it had sprung, or that it differed in any way from the faith of their fathers. To the thinker, the theological is the distinctive side of a religion; but to the multitude, the eschatological. Hebraism was strong in the former, but weak in the latter, element, and hence so often broke down before fiercer faiths. Christianity has exercised a greater command over peoples, though not over individual minds, by its eschatology than by its theology. The speculative intellect seeks to stand face to face with the ultimate cause; the general intellect regards religion as regulating the present by its power to determine the fu-

ture. Hence in India, while a new speculative faith as to God grew up and assumed shape among the Brahmins, its eschatology alone took root among the people. They still worshipped the old Vedic gods.* The deities of sacerdotal and theosophic speculation were to them unknown. The funeral ceremonies and sacrifices were still the old forms. But instead of the old heaven of Yama and the fathers, absorption into Brahma had come; instead of the old "nethermost darkness," "glidings through ten thousand millions" of births, with between each almost as many hells. The new eschatology was the product of a new theology; but while the first became the people's the second remained the priest's.

5. THE PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS.

The laws of Manu exhibit the development of the belief on the sacerdotal side; but the philosophical systems, its further evolution on the speculative. The Hindu philosophies were, as to form and end, religious, professed to be based on the Vedas, recognized these as their formal source and authority. Philosophy has, as a rule, lived outside the positive religions. No one associates the philosophy with the religion of Greece, save by way of contrast; and the Greek systems found their characteristic element, not in their relation to the national worship, but to the idea of virtue or the general conception of the universe. Modern philosophy from Bacon on the one side, and Descartes on the other, has stood and speculated and inquired outside revealed religion, and been its best friend because its greatest critic. But the Hindu philosophies stood in formal connection with revelation, although as to principle they might be Theistic, Auto-Theistic, Pantheistic, or Atheistic. They differed as to substance, but agreed as to formal source, and so find their proper parallels, not in the Platonic and Aristotelian, Baconian and Cartesian, but in the Athanasian and Arian, Augustinian and Pelagian, Scotist and Thomist systems and methods. The Hindu spirit was speculative, not critical, deductive, not inductive, and so sought truth along a single line by the process of abstraction. Sacerdotalism gave to speculative thought its objects and end, and hence it did not so much raise the question, What is man? as, Given soul as an essence successively appearing under different forms, how did it arise, and how can it

* Manu, iv. 87-90; xii. 75, 76.

† Manu, xii. 65.

‡ Manu, ix. 335.

§ Manu, xii. 62, 64, 67.

|| Manu, xii. 66.

¶ Manu, vi. 63.

** Duncker, *Gesch. der Arier*, p. 102.

* Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* i. pp. 911, f.; Duncker, *Gesch. der Arier*, pp. 113, f.

cease to be? In the West, except in the earlier phases of Greek thought, and certain later exceptional instances simply demonstrative of the rule, there was a generic idea of personality which, while admitting many specific differences, excluded, without discussion, any theory of transmigration. In India, on the other hand, the notion of soul as one, but as transmigrating through many forms, had become so fundamental, that the very conception of separate disembodied existence after death was *a priori* excluded. The belief so pervaded thought and life, that the notion of the opposite was never entertained even as a possibility.

The Hindu philosophies, like the European, have thus generic similarities with only specific differences, and their generic features are the exact opposite of ours. They stand related on the speculative side to the earlier theosophic thought, on the practical to the sacerdotal. The one relation is seen in their notions as to the origin and cessation of personal existence, the other in their conception of its miserableness and hatefulness.

The Hindu philosophies thus intensify, instead of counteracting, the sacerdotal teaching and tendencies as to our belief. The Vedanta might assert that the world was an illusion, and Brahma the only reality; the Sankhya might affirm a dualism, under a Theistic or Atheistic form; the Nyaya, whether dialectic or atomistic as to form, might declare the existence of a supreme soul and propound the true method of discovering the nature of things; but each system held that souls are eternal,* that they transmigrate through countless bodies,† that the bondage to birth and death is due to ignorance and maintained by works, whether good or bad.‡ Life is thus a calamity, personal existence exposure to successive cycles of conscious miseries under multitudinous forms. The grand problem of all the systems is thus, how to attain final beatitude. The beatitude known to each is the loss of conscious personality. The means of attainment in each, knowledge or right apprehension. Good works and bad, virtue and vice, are, because of their consequences, undesirable, hinder, by creating merit or demerit, the final emancipation of the soul.§ Virtue needs to be rewarded; when

its reward is exhausted, birth into another form is necessary, and so new virtues can only prolong the miserable cycle of births and deaths. Vice needs to be punished; when its demerit is exhausted, birth must again happen, and more vice leads to more births *ad infinitum*. The aim of the soul therefore should be to get quit of works, whether good or bad; "the confinement of fetters is the same, whether the chain is of gold or iron."¶ And it can do so only by knowledge. It prevents actions from ripening into merit or demerit. "Past sin is annulled, future offence precluded." "As water wets not the leaf of the lotus, so sin touches not him who knows God; as the floss on the carding comb cast into the fire it consumed, so are his sins burnt away."‡ Merit and demerit being obliterated, final beatitude can be attained. The Vedantin is identified with Brahma; the Sankhya student ceases to be a self-conscious personality. The first "quitting his corporeal frame, ascends to the pure light which is Brahma, and comes forth identified with him, conform and undivided;" "as pure water dropping into the limpid lake is such as that is,"§ "or as a river at its confluence with the sea, merges therein altogether."¶ The second has reached the point where he can say, "neither I am, nor is aught mine, nor I exist;" "yet soul remains awhile invested with body, as the potter's wheel continues whirling after the pot has been fashioned, by force of the impulse previously given to it. When separation of the informed soul from its corporeal frame at length takes place, and nature in respect of it ceases, then is absolute and final deliverance accomplished."||

Such then was the terrible conclusion to which Hindu sacerdotalism and speculation had alike come. Individual existence was a curse; the only immortality known the ceaseless succession of births and deaths. Self-annihilation, conceived either as absorption or the cessation of self-conscious being, was the only salvation believed in or desired. Sacerdotalism had made religion a calamity. Its modes of worship could neither gladden the present nor gild with hope the future. The priesthood might stand proudly pre-eminent, but its pre-eminence was dangerous, because founded on dogmas which created despair. There is a limit to the burdens the human spirit can bear, and

* See on this point, Aphorisms from the several Systems, in "A Rational Refutation of the Hindu Philos. Systems," by R. N. S. Gore, p. 35, Dr. F. E. Hall's translation.

† Colebrooke's Essays, pp. 184, 229, 240, 155.

‡ Rational Refutation, pp. 10, 2.

§ *Ib.*, p. 19.

* Anonymous Commentator, in Colebrooke's Essays, p. 232.

† Colebrooke, p. 232.

‡ *Ib.*, 235.

§ *Ib.*, 234.

|| *Ib.*, p. 164.

that limit had been reached. A religion which intensified the actual miseries of the present, and the possible miseries of the future, had abdicated its functions, and deserved only what it was sure, before long, to suffer, abolition or revolution.

6. BUDDHISM.

Buddhism, at once the offspring and the enemy of Brahmanism, can hardly be understood apart from the India in which it arose. It was essentially an anti-sacerdotal revolution, specifically Indian alike in what it affirmed and what it denied. The Brahmanical gods, sacrifices, ceremonies, and inspired books it rejected. The caste system, the very foundation of Hindu society, it recognized, but practically abolished in the religious sphere, a preliminary to its general abolition.* But without perhaps consciously borrowing from, or building on any previous system, it appropriated and developed certain tendencies and doctrines familiar to Indian speculation and translated them into a faith and a religion for the people.†

Buddhism was an ethical, Brahmanism a sacerdotal religion, and so were specifically different, but both had a metaphysical as distinguished from a personal basis, and so were generically alike. The generic similarity necessitated resemblances in their respective conceptions of the universe, the specific difference affected their views of life and the conditions which determined its happiness or misery. Buddhism like Brahmanism had its graduated system of future reward and punishment, its descending circles of hells, its ascending circles of heavens‡ but unlike Brahmanism its principle of award in the one case was virtue, in the other vice. Hence the grand "arbiter of destiny" is Karma, moral action, the aggregate result of all previous acts.§ Buddhism, indeed, is nothing else than the religion of moral action metaphysically conceived.

Buddha's great problem was the problem common to every Indian thinker.—How to be delivered from misery, from that greatest of evils, the everlasting succession of births and deaths. He accepted the Indian theory of man—never seems to have imagined any other as possible. The sight of the misery around, the thought of the misery behind and before, pained him. He inquired—what is the

cause of age, of death, of all pain? Birth. What is the cause of birth? Existence. What is the cause of existence? Attachment to the existent. What is the cause of attachment? Desire. Of desire? Perception. Of perception? The senses. What is the cause of the senses? Name and form, or individual existence. Of individual existence? Consciousness. Of consciousness? Ignorance. To annihilate birth, existence must be annihilated; to annihilate existence, the attachment to it. Attachment, again, can only be destroyed by destroying desire, desire by destroying perception, perception by destroying the senses, the senses by destroying the consciousness, and the consciousness by destroying the ignorance, which is its cause. If the ground of personal existence is annihilated, it cannot continue, birth and death cease.*

What Buddha conceived this final deliverance to be cannot be discussed here and now. Enough to say, a religion without a God could hardly promise a restful but conscious immortality. Nirvana cannot be absorption, for Buddhism knew no world-soul, no Brahma, into which the perfect man could enter, nor can it be any conscious state of being, for the loss of consciousness was the goal of Buddha's ambition. The oldest definitions describe Nirvana as "the cessation of thought, since its causes are removed," as a condition "in which nothing remains of that which constitutes existence."† When the soul enters Nirvana it is extinguished like a lamp blown out, and nothing remains but the void.‡ The only asylum and the only reality is nothing, because from it there is no return, and once at rest in Nirvana, the soul has no longer anything to fear, nor anything to expect.§

* Duncker, *Gesch. der Arier*, pp. 237, f.

† Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Hist. du Bud. Ind.*, pp. 73, 83, 689, f.

‡ *Ib.*, 252.

§ M. Barthélemy S. Hilaire, *Le Bouddha et sa Religion*, pp. vii. viii. See the interesting discussions as to the meaning of Nirvana, by Professor Max Müller, *Chips* i. 223, f.; 248, f.; 279, f. On the same side stand the late Eug. Burnouf, *Introduction*, *ut supra* and 153-155, 211, 521, &c.; *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, pp. 336, 339, 734, &c.; Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* i. 996; ii. 462; iii. 385, 395; C. F. Koppen, *Die Religion des Buddha*, i. pp. 306, f. M. Barthélemy S. Hilaire often, but particularly the Avertissement. On the other side, holding that Nirvana denotes a state of repose, "non-agitation," "calm without wind," stand Dr. Wilson of Bombay, *Art. The Buddhist Revolution in Ind.*, *Brit. and For. Ev. Rev.*, July, 1871, p. 422; Colebrooke's *Essays*, 258; and J. B. F. Obry, in *Du Nirvana Bouddhique*, a formal reply to M. B. S. Hilaire. Perhaps the truth lies in very equal proportions on both sides. In Buddhism, as a system, Nirvana can mean nothing but annihilation, or extinction, escape from our own personal existence without passing into any

* Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* ii. pp. 440, f.

† *Ib.*, i. pp. 996, f.

‡ Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Hist. du Bouddhisme Indien*, pp. 520, 566, f.; R. S. Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, chap. ii.

§ R. S. Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 394, f.

Buddhism is a proof of what a false theory of immortality may become — life after death, a thing so terrible that to escape it man will court annihilation. The Hindu Spirit had got bewildered in the mazes of transmigration, and unable to find a way to a right conception of God, and a consequent right conception of immortality, it rose into an absolute denial of both, produced and propagated a religion founded on the abolition of what Western thinkers used to regard as the fundamental truths of every faith — the being of God and the immortality of man.

7. THE REFORMED BRAHMANISM

A religion so ancient, so highly organized, so strong in the traditions and associations of many centuries as Brahmanism, could not be easily vanquished. An old faith which has the courage and skill to reform itself, will also have vitality and strength enough to engage and defeat its young opponent. The counter-Reformation in Europe is a feeble type of the Brahmanical reaction in India. Roman Catholicism drove back but could not expel from the Continent her vigorous but unorganized enemy: but revived Brahmanism swept from India the once-victorious Buddhism. The old system expanded to receive new and popular elements. The people loved the old gods, never knew or worshipped the abstract deity of the priesthood. Of the old Vedic Gods, Vishnu and Rudra had become the chosen of the people.* They, joined with the Sacerdotal Brahma, formed a new god-head, the famous Brahmanical *Trimurti*.

Then if, according to the old mystical notion, the human could be absorbed in the divine, why not the divine manifested in the human? If man could become God why not God man? Hence the Avatar notion arose, and by a well-known mythical process the heroes of the old national epics, Rama and Krishna, were deified, and as at once incarnations of the popular deity and heroes of the popular songs powerfully commended the old religion to

the Hindu heart.* Thus on both the divine and human sides, the old faith was so modified as to suit, even better than the new, the mind and condition of India.

Our belief so shared in the general modification as to be in some respects improved, in others deteriorated. It receives fullest expression in the *Bhagavad-Gita*. The general conception is a crude Pantheism, with, on the one side a final absorption, conditioned on knowledge, into deity, on the other a hideous moral indifferentism, which abolishes good and evil and inculcates action without any regard to consequences. Krishna says, "Immortality and death, being and not being, am I, O Arjuna."† He is everything, its source, its goal, father and mother of this world, whence all things and beings come, whither all return.‡ The soul is immutable, impenetrable, incombustible, can neither be pierced by darts, nor burned by fire, nor drowned by water, nor dried by wind.§ It can wear out and lay aside old and assume new bodies, as the body can change its garments.|| Souls are thus conceived as immortal, or, rather, eternal, without beginning or end, but as transmigrating through many bodies. Man can be born into nobler and happier forms of personal being,¶ and between birth and death taste divine joys in the heaven of Indra.** Till final emancipation is obtained birth and death succeed each other, but when knowledge of the divine being is acquired, birth ceases, the soul attains deity.†† *Tranquille animatum utique illum devotum summa voluptas subit, sedato affectuum impetu in numinis essentiam conversum, innocuum.*‡‡

Here, then, our inquiry into the Hindu belief in immortality may end. Its historical conclusion was the antithesis and contradiction of its historical beginning. Our purpose was to trace the several steps in this saddest, most extensive and injurious revolution of religious thought, and the lessons suggested the reader can best discover for himself. An exaggerated sacerdotalism turned the Hindu spirit from travelling along the only line on which it could have reached a right conception of God, and, without that, no right con-

other being or form of personal being. In Buddhism as a religion, Nirvana may mean to the simple-hearted multitude "profound calm," undisturbed by successive births and deaths. Professor Max Müller, who has very greatly modified his earlier views, now maintains that while the metaphysic of Buddhism is both Atheistic and Nihilistic, Buddha himself was an Atheist, but not a Nihilist. See his *Lectures, Ueber den Buddhistischen Nihilismus*.

* Lassen, *Ind. Alterthumsk.* i. 913, ff.; ii. 1087. But particularly Dr. Muir's *Sanscrit Texts*, vol. iv., comparison of the Vedic with the later representations of the principal Indian deities.

* Dancker, *Gesch. der Arier*, p. 322; Muir, *ut supra* Ch. II. Sect. V.

† ix. 19.

‡ ix. 7-10; 16-18.

§ ii. 23-25.

|| ii. 22.

¶ vi. 41, 42.

** ix. 20.

†† ii. 51; iv. 9' 10.

‡‡ ii. 27; A. W. Von Schlegel's Translation.

ception of man, as mortal or immortal, was possible. Our thoughts weave themselves more subtly than we imagine into consistency and form, and the unsystematized faith of a people will often be found more logical than any reasoned system. The belief in a personal immortality

can live only when rooted in faith in a personal God.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why;

He thinks he was not made to die;

And Thou hast made him: Thou art just."

A M. FAIRBAIRN.

It is a curious fact that eruptions of Mount Vesuvius are generally followed or follow or take place simultaneously with political disturbance at home. In 1855 the resignation of the Aberdeen Ministry and the accession of Lord Palmerston to power were followed almost immediately by a serious eruption of Vesuvius. In 1859 the resignation of Lord Derby and an eruption took place within a few days of each other. In 1861 the *Trent* affair occurred with America, Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidel being released on December 28 of that year, and Torre del Greco being destroyed by an eruption in the same month. Another eruption began on November 12, 1867, and on the 13th of the following month the Fenians attempted to blow up Clerkenwell Prison; the eruption continued to increase in intensity until Lord Derby resigned office in February, 1868, and Mr. Disraeli's Ministry was formed, when it gradually subsided. If we turn to Etna, we find the same phenomenon. In 1830, the year in which the Grey administration was formed, Etna had a serious eruption. In 1832 the Reform Act was passed in June, and in November the town of Bronte was destroyed by an eruption. In September, 1852 when the Duke of Wellington died, there was a violent eruption of Etna. In 1865 an eruption began in February and lasted until July; three months later, Lord Palmerston died and Lord Russell became Premier in his place. There is, as might perhaps be expected, less sympathy between Mount Hecla and our own domestic occurrences than is evinced by Etna and Vesuvius; but, nevertheless, during the period of the railway mania and the Corn Law agitation of 1845, Hecla was in a very disturbed state; indeed, it had a most disagreeable eruption, which began in September, 1845, and lasted until April 1846. Three new craters were formed, from which pillars of fire rose to the height of 14,000 feet. The lava formed several hills, pieces of pumice-stone and scoriae of 2 cwt. were thrown to a distance of a league and a half, and the ice and snow which had covered the mountain for centuries melted into prodigious floods. All this boiling and bubbling continued until the following year, when the Corn Laws were repealed and Hecla became quiet again. Hecla on this

occasion showed a tendency to interfere with us which it is to be hoped it will not display on future occasions; for, not content with keeping its own immediate neighbourhood in a state of ferment by ejecting stones of an enormous size, it actually threw some ashes over the Orkney Islands. This must not happen again. Volcanoes will do well to remember that, owing to the collusion which exists between the dust contractors and our vestrymen, we cannot get the cinders removed from our own houses; they should, therefore, learn to locally self-govern themselves and not add to our troubles by throwing their refuse in our direction. Pall Mall.

COPPER IN THE ANIMAL ORGANISM. — Mr. Church showed, some years ago, that certain colouring matters in the plumage of some kinds of birds contain copper as a constituent. According to the *Mechanics' Magazine*, M. Duclaux has recently found appreciable quantities of copper in cocoa. The highest proportion of copper found in cocoa was 250 parts in one million; and the lowest, 5 parts of copper in one million. The husks are richer in this metal than the kernel; there being about ten times as much copper in the former as in the latter. Statements that minute quantities of copper have been found in different organic structures are by no means rare or new: thus Devergie (*Médecine Legale*, 1840, tome iii. p. 533) states that copper had been found by (among others) Sarzeau, in cinchona, madder, wheat, flour, bran, tea, coffee, barley, oats, rye, &c.; and by Boutigny d'Evreux in wine, cider, wheat. Devergie himself, from a number of experiments, arrived at the conclusion that minute quantities of copper are normally present in the organs of the animal body, being derived from the food. More recently, Blasius found one part of copper (and lead), in 1480, in the ashes of the human heart, liver, spleen, and kidneys. Others consider that the presence of copper is merely accidental. We (*British Medical Journal*) are almost inclined to believe, however, that traces of copper enter into the animal organism, playing some subordinate part in it.

Pupple Opinion.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE MAID OF SKER.

CHAPTER LIX.

IN A ROCKY BOWER.

I NEVER hear of human impatience without sagely reflecting upon the rapid flight of time, when age draws on, and business thickens, and all the glory of this world must soon be left behind us. From the date of my great catch of fish and landing of Bardie at Pool Tavan, to the day of my guiding the British fleet betwixt the shoals of Syracuse, more than sixteen years had passed, and scarce left time to count them.

Therefore it was but a natural thing that the two little maidens with whom I began should now be grown up, and creating a stir in the minds of young men of the neighbourhood. Early in this present month of July, that north-west breeze, which was baffling our fleet off the coast of Anatolia, was playing among the rocks of Sker with the curls and skirts and ribbons of these two fair young damsels. Or rather with the ribbons of one, for Bunny alone wore streamers, wherein her heart delighted; while the maid of Sker was dressed as plainly as if she had been her servant. Not that her inborn love of brightness ever had abandoned her, but that her vanities were put down very sternly by Master Berkrolles whenever she came back from Candleston; and but for her lessons in music there — which were beyond Roger's compass — he would have raised his voice against her visits to the good Colonel. For the old man's heart was entirely fixed upon the graceful maiden, and his chief anxiety was to keep her out of the way of harm. He knew that the Colonel loved nothing better (as behoved his lineage) than true and free hospitality; and he feared that the simple and nameless girl might set her affections on some grand guest, who would scorn her derelict origin. Now she led Bunny into a cave, or rather a snug little cove of rock, which she always called her cradle, and where she had spent many lonely hours, in singing pure Welsh melodies of the sweetest sadness, feeling a love of the desert places from her own desertion. Then down she sat in her chair of stone, with limpets and barnacles studding it; while Bunny in the established manner bounced down on a pebble and gazed at her.

My son's daughter was a solid girl, very well built as our family is, and raking most handsomely fore and aft. Her

fine black eyes, and abiding colour, and the modesty inherited from her grandfather, and some reflection perhaps of his fame, made her a favourite everywhere. And any grandfather might well have been proud to see how she carried her dress off.

The younger maid sat right above her, quite as if Nature had ordered it so; and drew her skirt of homespun camlet over her dainty feet, because the place was wet and chilly. And anybody looking must have said that she was born to grace. The clear outlines of oval face and delicate strength of forehead were moulded as by Nature only can such dainty work be done. Gentle pride and quiet moods of lonely meditation had deepened and subdued the radiance of the large grey eyes, and changed the dancing mirth of childhood into soft intelligence. And it must have been a fine affair, with the sunshine glancing on the breezy sea, to take a look at the lights and shadows of so clear a countenance.

Bunny, like a frigate riding, doused her head and all her outworks forward of the bends; and then hung fluttering and doubtful, just as if she had missed stays.

"It is not your engagement, my dear Bunny," began Delusly, as if she were ten years the senior officer; "you must not suppose for a moment that I object to your engagement. It is time, of course, for you to think, among so many suitors, of some one to put up with, especially after what you told me about having toothache. And Watkin is thoroughly good and kind, and able to read quite respectably. But what I blame you for is this, that you have not been straightforward, Bunny. Why have you kept me in the dark about this one of your many 'sweetheartings,' as you always call them?"

"And for sure, miss, then I never did no such thing; unless it was that I thought you was wanting him."

"I! You surely cannot have thought it! I want Watkin Thomas!"

"Well, miss, you need not fly out like that. All the girls in Newton was after him. And if it wasn't you as wanted him, it might be him as wanted you, which comes to the same thing always."

"I don't quite think that it does, dear Bunny, though you may have made it do so. Now look up and kiss me, dear; you know that I love you very much, though I have a way of saying things. And then I am longing to beg pardon when I have

vexed any one. It comes of my 'noble birth,' I suppose, which the girls of Newton laugh about. How I wish that I were but the child of the poorest good man in the parish! But now I am tired of thinking of it. What good ever comes of it? And what can one poor atom matter?"

"You are not a poor atom; you are the best, and the cleverest, and most learnedest, and most beautifullest lady as ever was seen in the whole of the land."

After or rather in the middle of which words, our Bunny, with her usual vigour and true national ardour, leaped into the arms of Delushy, so that they had a good cry together. "You will wait, of course, for your Granny to come, before you settle anything."

"Will I, indeed?" cried that wicked Bunny, and lucky for her that I was not there: "I shall do nothing of the sort. If he chooses to be always away at sea, conquering the French for ever, and never coming home when he can help it, he must make up his mind to be surprised when he happens to come home again. For sure then, that is right enough."

"Well, it does seem almost reasonable," answered the young lady: "and I think sometimes that we have no right to expect so much as that of things. It is not what they often do; and so they lose the habit of it."

"I do not quite understand," said Bunny.

"And I don't half understand," said Bardie:—"but—oh my dear, what shall I do? He is coming this way, I am sure. And I would not have you know anything of it—and of course you must feel that it is all nonsense. And I did not mean any harm about 'courting;' only you ought to be out of the way, and yet at the same time in it."

Our Bunny was such a slow-witted girl, and at the same time so particular (inheriting slowness from her good mother, and conscience from third generation), that really she could make no hand at meeting such a crisis. For now she began to perceive gold-lace, which alone discomfits the woman-race, and sets their minds going upon what they love. And so she did very little else but stare.

"I did think you would have helped me, Bunny," Delushy cried, with aggravement. "I wanted to hear your own affairs, of course; but I would not have brought you here——"

"Young ladies, well met!" cried as solid a voice as the chops of the Channel had ever tautened: "I knew that you

were here, and so I came down to look after you."

"Sure then, sir, and I do think that it is very kind of you. We was just awanting looking after. Oh what a fish I do see in that pool! Please only you now both to keep back. I shall be back again, now just, sir." With these words away flew Bunny, as if her life were set on it.

"What a fine creature, to be sure!" said Commander Bluett, thoughtfully; "she reminds me so much of her grandfather. There is something so strongly alike between them, in their reckless outspoken honour, as well as in the turn of the nose they have."

"Let us follow, and admire her a little more," cried Delushy: "she deserves it, as you say; and perhaps—well, perhaps she likes it."

Young Rodney looked at her a little while, and then at the ground a little while; because he was a stupid fellow as concerns young women. He thought this one such a perfect wonder, as may well be said of all of them. Then those two fenced about a little, out of shot of each other's eyes.

There was no doubt between them as to the meaning of each other. But they both seemed to think it wise to have a little bit of vexing before doing any more. And thus they looked at one another as if there was nothing between them. And all the time, how they were longing!

"I must have yes or no:" for Rodney could not outlast the young lady: "yes or no; you know what I mean. I am almost always at sea; and to-morrow I start to join Nelson. With him there is no play-work. I hope to satisfy him, though I know what he is to satisfy. But I hope to do it."

"Of course you will," Delushy answered. "You seem to give great satisfaction; almost everywhere, I am sure."

"Do I give it, you proud creature, where I long to give it most?"

"How can I pretend to say, without being told in what latitude even—as I think your expression is—this amiable desire lies?"

"As if you did not know, Delushy!"

"As if I did know, Captain Bluett! And another thing—I am not to be called 'Delushy,' much, in that way."

"Very well, then; much in another way. Delushy, Delushy, delicious Delushy, what makes you so unkind to me? To-morrow I go away, and perhaps we shall never meet again, Delushy; and then how you would reproach yourself. Don't you think you would now?"

"When never and then come together — yes. I suppose all sailors talk so."

"If I cannot even talk to please you, there is nothing more to say. I think that the bards have turned your head with their harpings, and their fiddle-strings, and ballads (in very bad Welsh, no doubt) about 'the charming maid of Sker;' and so on. When you are old enough to know better, and the young conceit wears out of you, you may be sorry, Miss Andalusia, for your wonderful cleverness."

He made her a bow with his handsome hat, and her warm young heart was chilled by it. Surely he ought to have shaken hands. She tried to keep her own meaning at home, and bid him farewell with a curtsy, while he tried not to look back again; but fortune or nature was too much for them, and their eyes met wistfully.

These things are out of my line so much, that I cannot pretend to say now for a moment what these very young people did; and everybody else having done the same, with more or less unwisdom, according to constitution, may admire the power of charity which restrains me from describing them. My favourite writer of Scripture is St. Paul, who was afraid of nobody, and who spent his time in making sails when the thorn in the flesh permitted him. And this great writer describes the quick manners of maidens far better than I can. Wherefore I keep myself aloft until they have had a good spell of it.

"I have no opinion, now. What can you expect of me? Rodney, I must stop and think for nearly a quarter of a century before I have an opinion."

"Then stay, just so; and let me admire you, till I have to swim with you."

"Rodney, you are reckless. Here comes the tide; and you know I have got my very best Candleston side-lace boots on!"

"Then come out of this rocky bower, which suits your fate so, darling; and let us talk most sensibly."

"By all means; if you think we can. There, you need not touch me, Rodney; — I can get out very well indeed. I know these rocks better than you do perhaps. Now sit on this rock where old David first hooked me, as I have heard that old chatterbox tell fifty times, as if he had done some great grand thing."

"He did indeed a grand grand thing. No wonder that he is proud of it. And he has so much to be proud of that you may take it for your highest compliment. Perhaps there is no other man in the Service — or I might say in all the civilized world —"

But it hurts me to tell what this excellent

officer said or even thought of me. He was such a first-rate judge by this time that I must leave his opinion blank.

Over the sea they began to look, in a discontented quietude; as the manner of young mortals is before they begin to know better, and with great ideas moving them. Bunny, with the very kindest discretion, had run away entirely, and might now be seen at the far end of the sands, and springing up the rocks, on her way to Newton. So those two sate side by side, with their hearts full of one another, and their minds made up to face the world together, whatever might come of it. For as yet they could see nothing clearly through the warm haze of loving, being wrapped up in an atmosphere which generally leads to a hurricane. But to them, for a few short minutes, earth and sea and sky were all one universal heaven.

"It will not do," cried the maid of Sker, suddenly awaking with a short deep sigh, and drawing back her delicate hand from the broad palm of young Rodney: "it will never, never do. We must both be mad to think of it."

"Who could fail to be mad," he answered, "if you set the example?"

"Now, don't be so dreadfully stupid, Rodney. What I say is most serious. Of course you know the world better than I do, as you told me yesterday, after sailing a dozen times round it. But I am thinking of other things. Not of what the world will say, but of what I myself must feel. And the first of these things is that I cannot be cruelly ungrateful. It would be the deepest ingratitude to the Colonel if I went on with it."

"Went on with it! What a way to speak! As if you could be off with it when you pleased! And my good uncle loves you like his own daughter; and so does my mother. Now what can you mean?"

"As if you did not know indeed! Now, Rodney, do talk sensibly. I ought to know, if any one does, what your uncle and your mother are. And I know that they would rather see your death in the Gazette than your marriage with an unknown, nameless nobody like me, sir."

"Well, of course, we must take the chance of that," said Captain Bluett, carelessly. "The Colonel is the best soul in the world, and my dear mother a most excellent creature, whenever she listens to reason. But as to my asking their permission — it is the last thing I should dream of. I am old enough to know my own mind, and to get my own living, I should hope, as well as that of my family. And

if I am only in time with Nelson, of course we shall do wonders."

For a minute or two the poor young maid had not a word to say to him. She longed to throw her arms around him, when he spoke so proudly, and to indulge her own pride in him, as against all the world beside. But having been brought up in so much trouble, she had learned to check herself. So that she did nothing more than wait for him to go on again. And this he did with sparkling eyes and the confidence of a young British tar.

"There is another thing, my beauty, which they are bound to consider, as well as all the prize-money I shall earn. And that is that they have nobody except themselves to thank for it. They must have known what was sure to happen, if they chose to have you there whenever I was home from sea. And my mother is so clever too—to my mind it is plain enough that they meant me to do what I have done."

"And pray what is that?"

"As if you did not know! Come now, you must pay the penalty of asking for a compliment. Talk about breeding and good birth, and that stuff! Why, look at your hands and then look at mine. Put your fingers between mine—both hands, both hands—that's the way. Now just feel my great clumsy things, and then see how lovely yours are—as clear as wax-tapers, and just touched with rose, and every nail with a fairy gift, and pointed like an almond. A 'nameless nobody' indeed! What nameless nobody ever had such nails? By way of contrast examine mine."

"Oh but you bite yours shockingly, Rodney. I am sure that you do, though I never saw you. You must be cured of that dreadful trick."

"That shall be your first job, Delushy, when you are Mrs. Rodney. Now for another great sign of birth. Do you see any peak to my upper lip?"

"No, I can't say I do. But how foolish you are! I ought to be crying, and you make me laugh!"

"Then just let me show you the peak to yours. Honour bright—and no mean advantages—that is to say if I can help it. Oh, here's that blessed Moxey coming! May the Frenchmen rob her henroost! Now just one promise, darling, darling; just one little promise. To-morrow I go to most desperate battles, and lucky to come home with one arm and one leg. Therefore, promise a solemn promise to have no one in the world but me."

"I think," said the maid, with her lips to his ear, in the true old coaxing fashion, "that I may very well promise that. But I will promise another thing too. And that is, not to have even you, until your dear mother and good uncle come to me and ask me. And that can never never be."

CHAPTER LX.

NELSON AND THE NILE.

THE first day of August in the year of our Lord 1798 is a day to be long remembered by every Briton with a piece of constitution in him. For on that day our glorious navy, under the immortal Nelson, administered to the Frenchmen, under Admiral Brewer, as pure and perfect a lathering as is to be found in all history. This I never should venture to put upon my own authority (especially after the prominent part assigned therein by Providence to a humble individual who came from Newton-Nottage), for with history I have no patience at all, because it always contradicts the very things I have seen and known: but I am bound to believe a man of such high principles and deep reading as Master Roger Berkrolles. And he tells me that I have helped to produce the greatest of all great victories.

Be that one way or the other, I can tell you every word concerning how we managed it; and you need not for one moment think me capable of prejudice. Quite the contrary, I assure you. There could not have been in the British fleet any man more determined to do justice to all Crappos than a thoroughly ancient navigator, now Master of the Goliath.

We knew exactly what to do, every Captain, every Master, every quartermaster; even the powder-monkeys had their proper work laid out for them. The spirit of Nelson ran through us all; and our hearts caught fire from his heart. From the moment of our first glimpse at the Frenchmen spread out in that tempting manner, beautifully moored and riding in a long line head and stern, every old seaman among us began to count on his fingers prize-money. They thought that we would not fight that night, for the sun was low when we found them; and with their perpetual conceit, they were hard at work taking water in. I shall never forget how beautiful these ships looked, and how peaceful. A French ship always sits in the water with an elegant quickness, like a Frenchwoman at the looking-glass. And though we brought the evening

breeze in very briskly with us, there was hardly swell enough in the bay to make them play their hawsers. Many fine things have I seen, and therefore know pretty well how to look at them, which a man never can do upon the first or even the second occasion. But it was worth any man's while to live to the age of three-score years and eight, with a sound mind in a sound body, and eyes almost as good as ever, if there were nothing for it more than to see what I saw at this moment. Six-and-twenty ships of the line, thirteen bearing the tricolor, and riding cleared for action, the other thirteen with the red cross flying, the cross of St. George on the ground of white, and tossing the blue water from their stems under pressure of canvass. Onward rushed our British ships, as if every one of them was alive, and driven out of all patience by the wicked escapes of the enemy. Twelve hundred leagues of chase had they cost us, ingratitude towards God every night, and love of the devil at morning, with dread of our country for ever prevailing, and mistrust of our own good selves. And now at last we had got them tight; and mean we did to keep them. Captain Foley came up to me as I stood on the ratlines to hear the report of the men in the starboard fore-chains; and his fine open face clouded. "Master," he said, "how much more of this? Damn your soundings. Can't you see that the Zealous is drawing ahead of us? Hood has nobody in the chains. If you can't take the ship into action, I will. Stand by there to set top-gallant sails."

These had been taken in, scarce five minutes ago, as prudence demanded, for none of us had any chart of the bay; and even I knew little about it, except that there was a great shoal of rock betwixt Aboukir Island and the van ship of the enemy. And but for my warning, we might have followed the two French brigs appointed to decoy us in that direction. Now having filled top-gallant sails, we rapidly headed our rival the Zealous, in spite of all that she could do; and we had the honour of receiving the first shot of the enemy. For now we were rushing in, stem on, having formed line of battle, towards the van of the anchored Frenchmen.

Now as to what followed, and the brilliant idea which occurred to somebody to turn the enemy's line and take them on the larboard or inner side (on which they were quite unprepared for attack) no two authorities are quite agreed, simply be-

cause they all are wrong. Some attribute this grand manœuvre to our great Admiral Nelson, others to Captain Hood of the Zealous, and others to our Captain Foley. This latter is nearest the mark; but from whom did Captain Foley obtain the hint? Modesty forbids me to say what Welshman it was who devised this noble and most decisive stratagem, while patriotic duty compels me to say that it was a Welshman, and more than that a Glamorganshire man, born in a favoured part of the quiet village of N— N—. Enough, unless I add that internal evidence will convince any unprejudiced person that none but an ancient fisherman, and thorough-going long-shoreman, could by any possibility have smelled out his way so cleverly.

Our great Admiral saw, with his usual insight into Frenchmen, that if they remained at anchor we were sure to man their capstans. For Crappos fight well enough with a rush, but unsteadily when at a standstill, and worst of all when taken by surprise and outmanœuvred. And the manner in which the British fleet advanced was enough to strike them cold by its majesty and its awfulness. For in perfect silence we were gliding over the dark-blue sea, with the stately height of the white sails shining, and the sky behind us full of solemn yellow sunset. Even we, so sure of conquest, and so nerved with stern delight, could not gaze on the things around us, and the work before us, without for a moment wondering whether the Lord in heaven looked down at us.

At any rate we obeyed to the letter the orders both of our Admiral and of a man scarcely less remarkable. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath," are the very words of St. Paul, I believe; and we never fired a shot until there was no sun left to look at it. I stood by the man at the wheel myself, and laid my own hand to it: for it was a matter of very fine steerage, to run in ahead of the French line, ware soundings, and then bear up on their larboard bow, to deliver a thorough good raking broadside. I remember looking over my left shoulder after we bore up our helm a-weather, while crossing the bows of the Carrier (as the foremost enemy's ship was called), and there was the last limb of the sun like the hoof of a horse disappearing. And my own head nearly went with it, as the wind of a round-shot knocked me over. "Bear up, bear up, lads," cried Captain Foley, "our time has come at last, my boys. Well done Llewellyn! A finer sample of conning

and steerage was never seen. Let go the best bower. Pass the word. Ready at quarters all of you. Now she bears clear fore and aft. Damn their eyes, let them have it."

Out rang the whole of our larboard battery, almost like a single gun; a finer thing was never seen; and before the ring passed into a roar, the yell of Frenchmen came through the smoke. Masts and spars flew right and left with the bones of men among them, and the sea began to hiss and heave, and the ships to reel and tremble, and the roar of a mad volcano rose, and nothing kept either shape or tenor, except the faces of brave men.

Every ship in our fleet was prepared to anchor by the stern, so as to spring our broadsides aright; but the anchor of the Goliath did not bite so soon as it should have done, so that we ran past the Carrier, and brought up on the larboard quarter of the second French 74, with a frigate and a brig of war to employ a few of our starboard guns. By this time the rapid darkness fell, and we fought by the light of our own guns. And now the skill of our Admiral and his great ideas were manifest, for every French ship had two English upon it, and some of them even three at a time. In a word, we began with the head of their line, and crushed it, and so on joint by joint, ere even the centre and much more the tail could fetch their way up to take part in it. Our antagonist was the first that struck, being the second of the Frenchman's line, and by name the Conquer-ant. But she found in Captain Foley and David Llewellyn an ant a little to clever to conquer. We were a good deal knocked about, with most of our main rigging shot away, and all our masts heavily wounded. Nevertheless we drew ahead to double upon the third French ship, of the wonderful name of Sparticipate.

From this ship I received a shot, which, but for the mercy of the Lord, must have made a perfect end of me. That my end may be perfect has long been my wish, and the tenor of my life leads up to it. Nevertheless, who am I to deny that I was not ready for the final finish at that very moment? And now, at this time of writing, I find myself ready to wait a bit longer. What I mean was a chain-shot sailing along, rather slowly as they always do; and yet so fast that I could not either duck or jump at sight of it, although there was light enough now for anything, with the French Admiral on fire. Happening to be well satisfied with my state of mind

at that moment (not from congratulation, so much as from my inside conscience), I now was beginning to fill a pipe, and to dwell upon further manœuvres. For one of the foremost points of all, after thoroughly drubbing the enemy, is to keep a fine self-control and be ready to go on with it. No sooner had I filled this pipe, and taken a piece of wadding to light it, which was burning handy (in spite of all my orders), than away went a piece of me; and down went I, as dead as a Dutch herring. At least, so everybody thought, who had time to think about it; and "the Master's dead" ran along the deck, so far as time was to tell of it. I must have lain numb for an hour, I doubt, with the roar of the guns, and the shaking of bulk-heads, like a shiver, jarring me and a pool of blood curdling into me, and another poor fellow cast into the scuppers and clutching at me in his groaning, when the heavens took fire in one red blaze, and a thundering roar, that might rouse the dead, drowned all the rolling battle-din. I saw the white looks of our crew all aghast, and their bodies scared out of death's manufacture, by this triumph of mortality; and the elbows of big fellows holding the linstock fell quivering back to their shaken ribs. For the whole sky was blotched with the corpses of men, like the stones of a crater cast upwards; and the sheet of the fire behind them showed their knees, and their bellies, and streaming hair. Then with a hiss, like electric hail, from a mile's height all came down again, corpses first (being softer things), and timbers next, and then the great spars that had streaked the sky like rockets.

The violence of this matter so attracted my attention, that I was enabled to rally my wits, and lean on one elbow and look at it. And I do assure you that anybody who happened to be out of sight of it, lost a finer chance than ever he can have another prospect of. For a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship had blown up, with an Admiral and Rear-Admiral, not to mention a Commodore, and at least 700 complement. And when the concussion was over, there fell the silence of death upon all men. Not a gun was fired, nor an order given, except to man the boats in hopes of saving some poor fellows.

CHAPTER LXI.

A SAVAGE DEED.

NEVERTHELESS our Britons were forced to renew the battle afterwards; because those Frenchmen had not the manners to

surrender, as they should have done. And they even compelled us to batter their ships so seriously and sadly, that when we took possession some were scarcely worth the trouble. To make us blow up their poor Admiral was a distressing thing to begin with; but when that was done, to go on with the battle was as bad as the dog in the manger. What good could it do them to rob a poor British sailor of half his prize-money? And such conduct becomes at least twice as ungenerous when they actually have wounded him!

My wound was sore, and so was I, on the following day, I can tell you; for not being now such a very young man, I found it a precious hard thing to renew the power of blood that was gone from me. And after the terrible scene that awoke me from the first trance of carnage, I was thrown by the mercy of Providence into pure insensibility. This I am bound to declare; because the public might otherwise think itself wronged, and perhaps even vote me down as of no value, for failing to give them the end of this battle so brilliantly as the beginning. I defy my old rival, the Newton tailor (although a much younger man perhaps than myself, and with my help a pretty good seaman), to take up the tucks of this battle as well as I have done—though not well done. Even if a tailor can come up and fight (which he did, for the honour of Cambria), none of his customers can expect any more than French-chalk flourishes when a piece of description is down in his books. However, let him cut his cloth. He is still at sea, or else under it; and if he ever does come home, and sit down to his shop-board—as his wife says he is sure to do—his very first order shall be for a church-going coat, with a doubled-up sleeve to it.

For the Frehehmen took my left arm away in a thoroughly lubberly manner. If they had done it with a good cross-cut, like my old wound of forty years' standing, I would have set it down to the credit of their nation. But when I came to dwell over the subject (as for weeks my duty was), more and more clear to me it became, that instead of an honour they had now incurred a lasting national disgrace. The fellows who charged that gun had been afraid of the recoil of it. Half a charge of powder makes the vilest fracture to deal with—however, there I was by the heels, and now for nobler people. Only while my wound is green, you must not be too hard on me.

The Goliath was ordered to chase down the bay, on the morning after the battle,

together with the *Theseus* and a frigate called the *Leader*. This frigate was commanded by the Honourable Rodney Bluett, now a post-captain, and who had done wonders in the height of last night's combat. He had brought up in the most brazen-faced manner, without any sense of his metal, close below the starboard bow of the great three-decker *Orient* and the quarter of the *Franklin*, and thence he fired away at both, while all their shot flew over him. And this was afterwards said to have been the cleverest thing done by all of us, except the fine helm and calm handling of H. M. ship *Goliath*.

The two ships, in chase of which we were despatched, ran ashore and surrendered, as I was told afterwards (for of course I was down in my berth at the time, with the surgeon looking after me); and thus out of thirteen French sail of the line, we took or destroyed eleven. And as we bore up after taking possession, the *Leader* ran up under our counter and hailed us, "Have you a Justice of the Peace on board?" Our Captain replied that he was himself a member of the quorum, but could not attend to such business now as making of wills and so on. Hereupon Captain Bluett came forward, and with a polite wave of his hat called out that Captain Foley would lay him under a special obligation, as well as clear the honour of a gallant naval officer, by coming on board of the *Leader*, to receive the deposition of a dying man. In ten minutes' time our good skipper stood in the cockpit of the *Leader*, while Captain Bluett wrote down the confession of a desperately-wounded seaman, who was clearing his conscience of perilous wrong before he should face his Creator. The poor fellow sate on a pallet propped up by the bulkhead and a pillow; that is to say if a man can sit who has no legs left him. A round-shot had caught him in the tuck of both thighs, and the surgeon could now do no more for him. Indeed he was only enabled to speak, or to gasp out his last syllables, by gulps of raw brandy which he was taking, with great draughts of water between them. On the other side of his dying bed stood Cannibals Dick and Joe, howling, and nodding their heads from time to time, whenever he lifted his glazing eyes to them for confirmation. For it was my honest and highly-respected friend, the poor Jack Wildman, who now lay in this sad condition, upon the very brink of another world. And I cannot do better than give his own words, as put into shape by two clear-witted men, Captains

Foley and Rodney Bluett. Only for the reader's sake I omit a great deal of groaning.

"*This is the solemn and dying delivery of me, known as 'Jack Wildman,' A. B. seaman of H. M. frigate Leader, now off the coast of Egypt, and dying through a hurt in battle with the Frenchmen. I cannot tell my name, or age, or where I was born, or anything about myself; and it does not matter, as I have nothing to leave behind me. Dick and Joe are to have my clothes, and my pay if there is any; and the woman that used to be my wife is to have my medals for good behaviour in the three battles I have partaken of. My money would be no good to her, because they never use it; but the women are fond of ornaments.*

"I was one of a race of naked people, living in holes of the earth at a place we did not know the name of. I now know that it was Nyampton in Devonshire, which is in England, they tell me. No one had any right to come near us, except the great man who had given us land, and defended us from all enemies.

"His name was Parson Chouane, I believe, but I do not know how to spell it. He never told us of a thing like God; but I heard of it every day in the navy whenever my betters were angry. Also I learned to read wonderful writings; but I can speak the truth all the same.

"Ever since I began to be put into clothes, and taught to kill other people, I have longed to tell of an evil thing which happened once among us. How long ago I cannot tell, for we never count time as you do, but it must have been many years back, for I had no hair on my body except my head. We had a man then who took lead among us, so far as there was any lead; and I think that he thought himself my father, because he gave me the most victuals. At any rate we had no other man to come near him in any cunningness. Our master Chouane came down sometimes, and took a pride in watching him, and liked him so much that he laughed at him, which he never did to the rest of us.

"This man, my father as I may call him, took me all over the great brown moors one night in some very hot weather. In the morning we came to a great heap of houses, and hid in a copse till the evening. At dusk we set out again, and came to a great and rich house by the side of a river. The lower portholes seemed full of lights, and on the flat place in front of them a band of music—such as now I

love—was playing, and people were dancing. I had never heard such a thing before; and my father had all he could do to keep me in the black trees out of sight of them. And among the thick of the going about we saw our master Chouane in his hunting-dress.

"This must have been what great people call a 'masked ball,' I am sure of it; since I saw one, when, in the Bellona, there were many women somewhere. But at the end of the great light place, looking out over the water, there was a quiet shady place for tired people to rest a bit. When the whole of the music was crashing like a battle, and people going round like great flies in a web, my father led me down by the river-side, and sent me up some dark narrow steps, and pointed to two little babies. The whole of the business was all about these, and the festival was to make much of them. The nurse for a moment had set them upright, while she just spoke to a young sailor-man; and crawling, as all of us can, I brought down these two babies to my father; and one was heavy, and the other light.

"My father had scarcely got hold of them, and the nurse had not yet missed them, when on the dark shore by the river-side, perhaps five fathoms under the gaiety, Parson Chouane came up to my father, and whispered, and gave orders. I know not what they said, for I had no sense of tongues then, nor desired it; for we knew what we wanted by signs, and sounds, and saved a world of trouble so. Only I thought that our master was angry at having the girl-child brought away. He wanted only the boy perhaps, who was sleepy and knew nothing. But the girl-child shook her hand at him, and said, 'E bad man, Bardie knows 'a.'

"I—every one of us—was amazed—so very small—Oh, sir, I can tell you no more, I think."

"Indeed then, but you must, my friend," cried Captain Foley, with spirit enough to set a dead man talking; "finish this story, you thief of the world, before you cheat the hangman. Two lovely childer stolen away from a first-rate family to give a ball of that kind—and devil a bit you repent of it!"

Poor dying Jack looked up at him, and then at the place where his legs should have been, and he seemed ashamed for the want of them. Then he played with the sheet for a twitch or two, as if proud of his arms still remaining; and checked back the agony tempting him now to bite it with his great white teeth.

"Ask the rest of us, Captain," he said; "Joe, you know it; Dick, you know it, now that I am telling you. The boy was brought up with us, and you call him Harry Savage. I knew the great house when I saw it again. And I longed to tell the good old man there; but for the sake of our people. Chouane would have destroyed them all. I was tempted after they had pelted me so, and the old man was so good to me; but something always stopped me, and I wanted poor Harry to go to Heaven — Oh, a drink of water!"

Captain Foley was partly inclined to take a great deal of poor Jack's confession for no more than the raving of a light-headed man; but Rodney Bluett conjured him to take down every word of it. And when this young officer spoke of his former chief and well-known friend, now Commodore Sir Drake Bampfylde (being knighted for service in India), and how all his life he had lain under a cloud by reason of this very matter, not another word did our Captain need from him, but took up his pen again.

"I ought to have told," said the dying man, slowly; "only I could not bring myself. But now you will know, you will all know now. My father is dead; but Dick and Joe can swear that the boy is the baby. He had beautiful clothes on, they shone in the boat; but the girl-child had on no more than a smock, that they might see her dancing. Our master did not stay with us a minute, but pushed us all into a boat on the tide, cut the rope, and was back with the dancers. My father had learned just enough of a boat to keep her straight in the tideway, and I had to lie down over the babies, to keep their white clothes from notice. We went so fast that I was quite scared, having never been afloat before, so there must have been a strong ebb under us. And the boat, which was white, must have been a very light one, for she heeled with every motion. At last we came to a great broad water, which perhaps was the river's mouth, with the sea beyond it. My father got frightened perhaps; and I know that I had been frightened long ago. By a turn of the eddy, we scrambled ashore, and carried the boy-baby with us; but the boat broke away with a lurch as we jumped, for we had not the sense to bring out the rope. In half a minute she was off to sea, and the girl-baby lay fast asleep in her stern. And now after such a long voyage in the dark, we were scared so that we both ran for our lives, and were safe before daybreak at Nympton.

"My father before we got home stripped off the little boy's clothes, and buried them in a black moorhole full of slime, with a great white stone in the midst of it. And the child himself was turned over naked to herd with the other children (for none of our women look after them), and nobody knew or cared to know who he was, or whence he came, except my poor father, and our master — and I myself, many years afterwards. But now I know well, and I cannot have quiet to die, without telling somebody. The boy-baby I was compelled to steal was Sir Philip Bampfylde's grandson, and the baby-girl his grand-daughter. I never heard what became of her. She must have been drowned, or starved, most likely. But as for the boy, he kept up his life; and the man who took us most in hand, of the name of 'Father David,' gave the names to all of us, and the little one, 'Harry Savage,' now serving on board of the Vanguard. I know nothing of the buried images found by Father David. My father had nothing to do with that. It may have been another of Chouane's plans. I know no more of anything. There, let me die, I have told all I know. I can write my nickname, I never had any other — *Jack Wildman.*"

At the end of this followed the proper things, and the forms the law is made of, with first of all the sign-manual of our noble Captain Foley, who must have been an Irishman, to lead us into the battle of the Nile, while in the commission of the Peace. And after him Captain Bluett signed, and two or three warrant-officers gifted with a writing elbow; and then a pair of bare-bone crosses, meaning Cannibals Dick and Joe, who could not speak, and much less write, in the depth of their emotions.

CHAPTER LXII.

A RASH YOUNG CAPTAIN.

Now if I had been sewn up well in a hammock, and cast overboard (as the surgeon advised), who, I should like to know, would have been left capable of going to the bottom of these strange proceedings? Hezekiah was alive, of course, and prepared to swear to anything, especially after a round shot must have killed him, but for his greasiness. And clever enough no doubt he was, and suspicious, and busy-minded, and expecting to have all Wales under his thumb, because he was somewhere about on the skirts of the great battle I led them into. But granting him skill, and that narrow knowledge of the

world which I call "cunning;" granting him also a restless desire to get to the bottom of everything, and a sniffing sense like a turnspit-dog's, of the shank-end bone he is roasting, — none the more for all that could we grant him the downright power, now loudly called for, to put two and two together.

Happily for all parties, poor Hezekiah was not required to make any further fool of himself. The stump of my arm was in a fine condition, when ordered home with the prizes; and as soon as I felt the Bay of Biscay, over I knocked the doctor. He fitted me with a hook after this, in consistence with an old fisherman; and now I have such a whole boxful of tools to screw on, that they beat any hand I ever had in the world — if my neighbours would only not borrow them.

Tush — I am railing at myself again! Always running down, and holding up myself to ridicule, out of pure contrariety, just because every one else overvalues me. There are better men in the world than myself; there are wiser; there are braver; — I will not be argued down about it — there are some (I am sure) as honest, in their way; and a few almost as truthful. However, I never did yet come across any other man half so modest. This I am forced to allude to now, in departure from my usual practice, because this quality and nothing else had prevented me from dwelling upon, and far more from following up, some shrewd thoughts which had occurred to me, loosely, I own, and in a random manner, — still they had occurred to me once or twice, and had been dismissed. Why so? Simply because I trusted other men's judgment, and public impression, instead of my own superior instinct, and knowledge of weather and tideways.

How bitterly it repented me now of this ill-founded diffidence, when, as we lay in the Chops of the Channel about the end of October, with a nasty head-wind baffling us, Captain Rodney Bluett came on board of us from the *Leader*! He asked if the doctor could report the Master as strong enough to support an interview; whereupon our worthy bone-joiner laughed, and showed him in to me where I sat at the latter end of a fine aitch-bone of beef. And then Captain Rodney produced his papers, and told me the whole of his story. I was deeply moved by Jack Wildman's death, though edified much by the manner of it, and some of his last observations. For a naked heathen to turn so soon into a trousered Christian, and still more a good fore-top-man, was an evidence of unusual

grace, even under such doctrine as mine was. Captain Bluett spoke much of this, although his religious convictions were not by any means so intense as mine, while my sinews were under treatment; but even with only one arm and a quarter, I seemed to be better fitted to handle events than this young Captain was. His ability was of no common order, as he had proved by running his frigate under the very chains of the thundering big Frenchman, so that they could not be down on him. And yet he could not see half the bearings of Jack Wildman's evidence. We had a long talk, with some hot rum-and-water, for the evenings already were chilly; and my natural candour carried me almost into too much of it. And the Honourable Rodney gazed with a flush of colour at me, when I gave him my opinions, like a raking broadside.

"You may be right," he said; "you were always so wonderful at a long shot, Llewellyn. But really it does seem impossible."

"Captain," I answered; "how many things seem so, yet come to pass continually!"

"I cannot gainsay you, Llewellyn, after all my experience of the world. I would give my life to find it true. But how are we to establish it?"

"Leave me alone for that, Captain Bluett; if it can be done it shall be done. The idea is entirely my own, remember. It had never occurred to you, had it?"

"Certainly not," he replied, with his usual downright honesty; "my reason for coming to you with that poor fellow's dying testimony was chiefly to cheer you up with the proofs of our old Captain's innocence, and to show you the turn of luck for young Harry, who has long been so shamefully treated. And now I have another thing to tell you about him; that is if you have not heard it."

"No, I have heard nothing at all. I did not even know what had become of him, until you read Jack's confession. With Nelson, on board the *Vanguard*!"

"That was my doing," said the Honourable Rodney: "I recommended him to volunteer, and he was accepted immediately, with the character I gave him. But it is his own doing, and proud I am of it that he is now junior lieutenant of Lord Nelson's own ship the *Vanguard*. Just before Nelson received his wound, and while powder was being handed up, there came a shell hissing among them, and hung with a sputtering fuse in the coil of a cable, and the men fell down to

escape it. But young Harry with wonderful quickness leaped (as he did, to save me in San Domingo,) and sent the fuse over the side with a dash. Then Nelson came up, for the firing was hot, and of course he must be in the thick of it, and he saw in a moment what Harry had done, and he took down his name for promotion, being just what himself would have loved to do. It will have to be confirmed, of course; but of that there can be no question, after all that we have done; and when it turns out who he is."

"I am heartily glad of it, Captain," I cried; "The boy was worthy of any rank. Worth goes a little way; birth a long way. But all these things have to be lawfully proven."

"Oh, you old village-lawyer; as we used to call you, at Old Newton. And you deserved it, you rogue, you did. You may have lost your left hand; but your right has not lost its cunning." He spoke in the purest play and jest; and with mutual esteem we parted. Only I stipulated for a good talk with him about our measures, when I should have determined them; or at the latest on reaching port.

The boldest counsel is often the best, and naturally recommends itself to a man of warlike character. My first opinion, especially during the indignant period, was that nothing could be wiser, or more spirited, or more striking than to march straight up to Parson Chowne and confront him with all this evidence, taken down by a magistrate, and dare him to deny it; and then hale him off to prison, and (if the law permitted) hang him. That this was too good for him, every one who has read my words must acknowledge; the best thing moreover, that could befall him; for his body was good, though his soul was bad; and he might have some hopes to redeem the latter at the expense of the former. And if he had not, through life, looked forward to hanging as his latter end and salvation, it is quite impossible to account for the licence he allowed himself.

However, on second thoughts I perceived that the really weighty concern before us, and what we were bound to think first of, was to restore such a fine old family to its health and happiness. To reinstate, before he died, that noble and most kind-hearted man, full of religious feeling also, and of confidence that the Lord having made a good man, would look after him—which is the very spirit of King David, when his self-respect returns in a word, to replace in the world's esteem,

and (what matters far more) in true family love, that fine and pure old gentleman, the much-troubled Sir Philip Bampfylde,—this, I say, was the very first duty of a fellow nursed by a general and a baronet through the small-pox; while it was also a feat well worthy of a master of a line-of-battle ship, which was not last in the battle of the Nile. And scarcely second even to this was the duty and joy of restoring to their proper rank in life two horribly injured and innocent creatures one of whom was our own Bardie. Therefore, upon the whole, it seemed best to go to work very warily.

So it came to pass that I followed my usual practice of wholly forgetting myself; and receiving from the Honourable Rodney Bluett that most important document, I sewed it up, in the watered-silk bag with my caul and other muniments, and set out for Narnton Court, where I found both Polly, and the cook, and the other comforts. But nothing would do for our Captain Rodney—all young men are so inconsiderate—except to be off at a racing speed for Candleston Court, and his sweetheart Delushy, and the excellent Colonel's old port wine. And as he was so brisk, I will take him first, with your good leave, if ever words of mine can keep up with him. But of course you will understand that I tell what came to my knowledge afterwards.

With all the speed of men and horses, young Rodney Bluett made off for home, and when he got there his luck was such as to find Delushy in the house. It happened to be her visiting-time, according to the old arrangement, and this crafty sailor found it out from the fine old woman at the lodge. So what did he do but discharge his carriage, and leave all his kit with her, and go on, with the spright foot of a mariner, to the ancient house which he knew so well. Then this tall and bold young Captain entered by the butler's door the trick of which was well known to him, and in a room out of the lobby he stood, without his own mother knowing it. It was the fall of autumnal night, when everything is so rich and mellow, when the waning daylight ebbs, like a great spring-tide exhausted, into the quickening flow of star-light. And the plates were being cleared away after a snug dinner-party.

The good Colonel sat at the head of his table, after the ladies' withdrawal, with that modest and graceful kindness, which is the sure mark of true blood. Around him were a few choice old friends, such as only good men have; friends, who

would scout the evidence of their own eyes against him. According to our fine old fashion, these were drinking healths all round, not with undue love of rare port, so much as with truth and sincerity.

Rodney made a sign to Crumphy (who had been shaking him by both hands, until the tears prevented him), just to please to keep all quiet touching his arrival; and to let him have a slice or two of the haunch of venison put to grill, if there was any left of it, and give it him all on a plate: together with a twelve-pound loaf of farmhouse bread, such as is not to be had outside of Great Britain. This was done in about five minutes (for even Mrs. Cook respected Crumphy); and being served up, with a quart of ale, in Crumphy's own head privacy, it had such a good effect that the Captain was ready to face anybody.

Old Crumphy was a most crafty old fellow — which was one reason why I liked him, as a contrast to my frankness — and he managed it all, and kept such a lookout, that no one suspected him of any more than an honoured old chum in his stronghold. Captain Bluett also knew exactly what his bearings were, and from a loftier point of view than would ever occur to Crumphy. A man who had carried a 50-gun ship right under the lower port-holes of a 120-gun enemy, and without any orders to that effect, and only from want of some easier business, he (I think) may be trusted to get on in almost everything.

This was the very thing — I do believe — occurring to the mind of somebody sitting, as nearly as might be now, upon a very beautiful sofa. The loveliest work that you can imagine lay between her fingers; and she was doing her very best to carry it on consistently. But on her lap lay a London paper, full of the highest authority; and there any young eyes might discover a regular pit-pat of tears.

"My dear, my dear," said Lady Bluett, being not so very much better herself, although improved by spectacles; "it is a dreadful, dreadful thing to think of those poor Frenchmen killed, so many at a time, and all in their sins. I do hope they had time to think ever so little, of their latter end. It makes me feel quite ill to think of such a dreadful carnage, and to know that my own son was foremost in it. Do you think, my dear, that your delicate throat would be any worse in the morning, if you were to read it once more to me? The people in the papers are so clever; and there was something I

did not quite catch about poor Rodney's recklessness. How like his dear father, to be sure! I see him in every word of it."

"Auntie, the first time I read it was best. The second and third time, I cried worse and worse; and the fourth time, you know what you said of me. And I know that I deserved it, Auntie, for having such foolish weak eyes like that. You know what I told you about Captain Rodney, and begged you to let me come here no more. And you know what you said — that it was a child's fancy; and if it were not, it should take its course. The Colonel was wiser. Oh, Auntie, Auntie! why don't you always harken him?"

"For a very good reason, my dear child — he always proves wrong in the end; and I don't. I have the very highest and purest respect for my dear brother's judgment. Every one knows what his mind is, and every one values his judgment. And no stranger, of course, can enter into him, his views, and his largeness and intellect; as I do, when I agree with him. There, you have made me quite warm, my dear; I am so compelled to vindicate him."

"I am so sorry — I did not mean — you know what I am, Auntie."

"My dear, I know what you are, and therefore it is that I love you so. Now go and wash your pretty eyes, and read that again to me, and to the Colonel. Many mothers would be proud perhaps. I feel no pride whatever, because my son could not help doing it."

There was something else this excellent lady's son could not help doing. He caught the beautiful maid of Sker in her pure white dress in a nook of the passage, and with tears of pride for him rolling from her dark grey eyes, and he could not help — but all lovers, I trow, know how much to expect of him.

"Thank you, Rodney," Delushy cried; "to a certain extent, I am grateful. But, if you please, no more of it. And you need not suppose that I was crying about, about, — about anything."

"Of course not, you darling. How long have I lived, not to know that girls cry about nothing? nine times out of ten at least. Pearly tears, now prove your substance."

"Rodney, will you let me alone? I am not a French decker of 500 guns, for you to do just what you like with. And I don't believe any one knows you are here. Yes, yes, yes! Ever so many darlings, if you like — and 'with my whole heart I do love you,' as darling Moxey says. But one thing, this moment, I insist upon —

no, not in your ear, nor yet through your hair, you conceited curly creature; but at the distance of a yard I pronounce that you shall come to your mother."

"Oh, what a shame!" And with that unflinching view of the subject, he rendered himself after all those mortal perils into the arms of his mother. With her usual quickness Delushy fled, but came back to the drawing-room very sedately, and with a rose-coloured change of dress, in about half an hour afterwards.

"How do you do, Captain Rodney Bluett?"

"Madam, I hope that I see you well."

Lady Bluett was amazed at the coolness of them, and in her heart disappointed; although she was trying to argue it down, and to say to herself "How wise of them!" She knew how the Colonel loved this young maid, yet never could bear to think of his nephew taking to wife a mere waif of the sea. The lady had faith in herself that she might in the end overcome this prejudice. But of course if the young ones had ceased to care for it, she could only say that young people were not of the stuff that young people used to be.

While she revolved these things in her tender, warm, and motherly bosom, the gentlemen came from the dining-room, to pay their compliments to the ladies, and to have their tea and all that, according to the recent style of it. They bowed very decently, as they came in, not being toppers by any means: and the lady of the house arose and curtsied to them most gracefully. Then Rodney, who had found occasion ere this to salute Colonel Lougher and his visitors, led forward the maid, and presented her to them, with a very excellent naval bow.

"My dear uncle, and friends of the family," he began, while she trembled a little, and looked at him with astonishment; "allow me the favour of presenting to you a lady who will do me the honour of becoming my wife, very shortly I hope."

The Colonel drew back with a frown on his face. Lady Bluett on the other hand ran up.

"What is the meaning of this?" she cried. "And not a word of it to your own mother! Oh, Andalusia, how shocking of you!"

"I think, sir," said the Colonel, looking straight at the youth "that you might have chosen a better moment to defy your uncle, than in the presence of his oldest friends. It is not like a gentleman, sir. It cuts me to the heart to say such a

thing to the son of my own sister. But, sir, it is not like a gentleman."

The old friends nodded to one another, in approval of this sentiment; and turned to withdraw from a family scene.

"Wait, if you please," cried Rodney Bluett. "Colonel Lougher, I should deserve your reproach, if I had done anything of the kind. My intention is not to defy you, sir; but to please you and gratify you, my dear uncle, as your lifelong kindness to me and to this young lady deserves. And I have chosen to do it before old friends, that your pleasure may be increased by their congratulations. Instead of being ashamed, sir, of the origin of your future niece — or you my dear mother of your daughter, you may well be proud of it. She belongs to one of the oldest families in the west of England. She is the grandchild of Sir Philip Bampfylde of Narnton Court, near Barnstaple. And I think I have heard my mother speak of him as an old friend of my father."

"To be sure, to be sure!" exclaimed Lady Bluett, ere the Colonel could recover himself: "The Bluetts are an old west-country family; but the Bampfyldes even older. Come to me, my pretty darling. There, don't cry so; or if you must, come in here, and I will help you. Rodney, my dear, you have delighted us, and you have done it most cleverly. But excuse my saying that an officer in the army would have known a little better what ladies are, than to have thrown them into this excitement, even in the presence of valued friends. Come here, my precious. The gentlemen will excuse us for a little while."

"Let me kiss Colonel Lougher first," whispered Delushy; all frightened, crying, and quivering as she was, she could not forget her gratitude. So she bowed her white forehead, and drooped her dark lashes under the old man's benevolent gaze.

"Sit down, my dear friends," said Colonel Lougher, as soon as the ladies had left the room. "My good nephew's tactics have been rather rough, and of the Aboukir order. However, he may be quite right if this matter requires at once to be spread abroad. At any rate, my dear boy, I owe you an apology. Rodney, I beg your pardon for the very harsh words I used to you."

With these words he stood up, and bowed to his nephew; who did the same to him in silence, and then they shook hands warmly. After which the young Captain told his story, to which they all

listened in silence — five being justices of the shire, and one the lord lieutenant — all accustomed to examine evidence.

"It seems very likely," said Colonel Lougher, as they waited for his opinion. "That David Llewellyn is a most shrewd fellow. But he ought to have said more about the boat. There is one thing, however, to be done at once — to collect confirmative evidence."

"There is another thing to be done at once," cried Rodney Bluett, warmly — "to pull Chowne's nose. And despite his cloth, I will do it roundly."

"My young friend," said the Lord Lieutenant; "prove it first. And then, I think, there are some people who would pardon you."

It is creditable to the Prussians that in Prussia itself is published the severest criticism of the Prussian army, which abroad, and especially in England, finds too many indiscriminate admirers. In reference to the new version of the military penal code now in preparation, a Prussian Captain has published a book called "Education and Discipline in the Prussian Army," of which some account is given in a late number of the *National Zeitung*. One of the chief aspirations of the author is that the good understanding which has existed in Prussia between the army and the civil population since 1866 (but which notoriously had no existence before that date) may be perpetuated; and this condition of things is only, he thinks, to be secured by developing the patriotism of the citizens and raising the moral tone of the soldiers. He protests against the popular saying that "the Prussian schoolmaster beat the Austrian schoolmaster at Sadowa," which he considers not a true observation, but merely an effective phrase in the French style. The Prussian soldier has no time, he says, for study during the short period that he remains with the colours; and in spite of compulsory education, he often joins his regiment with only the slightest smattering of rudimentary knowledge. Examining his soldiers year by year as they joined his company, this officer found that out of forty, about five or six could read and write well, and were in a position to continue their education. From sixteen to nineteen could read and write moderately well; while ten or twelve were only beginners, and one or more generally Poles — who can scarcely be expected to profit much by German schools — had learnt nothing whatever. Out of fifty recruits only one could say a single word about the war of liberation in 1813; and at most five were acquainted with the principal points in the national history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is surmised that these five had not pursued their studies so far as to reach the history in detail of the 1813 campaign. The published statistics on the subject of education in the Prussian army are, it seems, very misleading, inasmuch as every soldier who possesses the least knowledge of reading and writing figures on the list of those able to read and write.

Full Mail.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVI. 1205

LETTER FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

[The following characteristic letter from Jeremy Taylor, never before published, was kindly sent to me by a friend, for use in the *PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE*. — ED. P. M.]

MADAM — I received the letter you were pleased to mention in your last & sent an answer to yr second question which you prudently did ask upon the reverse of the other. The summe of it was this: that if you find your doubt quiet and resolved; the scruple that arises at any time must be laid aside by the direct empire of the will without any further discourse of reason: For a scruple is an unreasonable fear and it commonly proceeds from a good but from a fearful heart: It is a tenderness of conscience, but such an one as is more like a sore than the delicacy of a good constitution. It is not always a temptation to sin; sometimes it is; but it is always a needlesse trouble, & apt to tire a religious person & to make the service of God become a load. Madam if you dare trust your reason, you may proceed to action; if you dare not, what will you be guided by? And you must never inquire, if when you are answered you cannot be at rest: but that is the infelicity of a scrupulous conscience; it will take any answer but trust none: there is a stone in the foot; if you hold your foot you cannot go forward; if you set it down, you cannot abide it. But Madam all the Divines in the world agree in this, that though a man may not doe any thing against a doubting conscience; yet against a scrupulous he may.

Madam

Your most humble and affectionate Servant
(Signed) JER: TAYLOR.

Aug. 29. 57.

THE Italian papers announce an open competition for a statue in white marble representing Joseph Mazzini in proportions somewhat larger than life. This statue is intended to replace the bust which was deposited at the Capitol on the 17th March, 1872. The competition will close on the 18th June this year. Designs are to be sent to 81, Via della Croce, Roma.

From Dark Blue.
A BILLET AT CARRIGAHINCH.

WE had been expecting a move for some time, and at last the order came. We were to start at dawn next day for Dublin, *en route* for Scotland. It was unanimously resolved that we should make a night of it — not go to bed at all in fact, so that we might the more fully enjoy the company of Captain Jack. We determined to detain him till the very last moment.

Notwithstanding the perpetual drain upon his resources since our arrival, he was brimful as ever of anecdote and fun; but there was on this occasion a mutual feeling of regret at parting, which each of us endeavored vainly to conceal, and which saddened us somewhat.

I proposed a round of toasts in due form, and at last, when I considered him equal to a sustained effort, I toasted *him*.

"Gentlemen," said I, "a full bumper! Fill! I give you the guest of this and of many pleasant evenings: 'The health of Captain Jack, of ours.' May we meet again, and that soon. When the time arrives for each of us to retire from the service, may our actions shed an equal lustre upon the regiment, and our successors keep our memories as green as we shall keep his."

There was a pause after due honours had been paid. The captain rose to his feet uneasily.

"Confound it! — don't you know," he said; "pon my life and credit I feel quite unequal to the occasion — I do indeed. I don't deserve it. I am sure I shall miss you all most confoundedly — a deuced deal more, I dare say, than you will readily believe. I can't make a speech, you know, and what's more, I don't mean to try. You young fellows are so much better up to that sort of thing than we old stagers. I pledge you my word, old as I am, I never made a speech in my life, and I'm not going to make an ass of myself at the end of my days. You must excuse me."

We did excuse him, but we did so on the implied understanding that he was to give us some more of his military experience in Ireland before the night was out.

"Meanwhile," said I, "here's to the memory of the faithful, the matchless Tim!"

"Ah!" sighed the captain, thoughtfully and solemnly filling his glass, "here's to him with a heart and a half! 'I ne'er shall look upon his like again!'"

Sadly, but withal steadily, he raised the wine to his lips, gazed for an instant into the empty glass as he replaced it on the

table, helped himself to a fresh cigar from my case, and took a light from the hand of his next neighbour.

"Did I ever tell you anything about Carrigahinch?" he inquired, during the preliminary puffs.

"Never," said I; "we have only a promise that you would do so."

Leisurely he took the cigar now from his mouth, turned it to see if it was well aglow, replaced it between his lips — giving it a few rapid twirls with his finger and thumb as he did so — took one long whiff, and then began.

"We were quartered there, I remember, for three or four months after we left the west. It was a little town in the north — the 'black north,' as Tim called it. He wasn't comfortable there, neither was I — to tell you nothing but the plain honest truth. We had to put up with an old building called the fever hospital, which was attached to the workhouse — there were no better quarters to be had.

"The place was a hot-bed of Orangeism, and we were sent there just before the July 'Anniversaries,' as they are called. There are two of these in that month — on the first and on the twelfth. The authorities anticipated riots, and sent us there as a precautionary measure.

"The population consisted of about a third who shouted 'To hell with King William!' and two-thirds who shouted 'To hell with the Pope!'"

"It was quite an uncommon thing to see a soldier in Carrigahinch. There was a tradition that a troop of horse once galloped through the main street — in at one end and out at the other — in the 'troubled times;' but the oldest inhabitant had not seen an entire company actually quartered there. Now a great and striking change had come over this little community. They had begun to hate one another for the love of God. It was found necessary some time before our arrival to appoint a permanent resident magistrate for the district, and he was kept busy every court day in trying to settle cases arising out of party riots. From having been a sane, sober, steady-going people, they became suddenly rabid and wild, and the worst features of party intolerance and party strife began to manifest themselves.

"All this arose from a very simple and apparently harmless transaction. The newly-appointed parish priest had a 'mission,' and invited two Dominican fathers to preach at Carrigahinch. On these occasions the proceedings are rather sensational. There is confession, absolution,

exhortation, solemn vows of amendment and repentance are made, and a powerful and earnest preacher—as one of these fathers undoubtedly was—has for the time an enormous power over an excitable Irish congregation. The immediate result of these gatherings is always beneficial; you find less drunkenness, less debauchery of every kind. But the change is in its nature, spasmodic, and its effect is in the main transitory. Human nature is only human nature, to the end of the chapter. Precisely the same sort of thing, under a different name, had been going on among the Protestants—sensational prayer meetings or ‘revivals,’ introduced by the Rev. Mr. McGosh. The whole population was drunk from excessive spiritual dram-drinking. The few sober and discreet among them kept wisely in the background, while the froth and scum boiled over.

“Matters were brought to a crisis by the erection of a large wooden cross in the chapel yard, commemorating the visit of the Dominican fathers. The religious convictions of a party of Orangemen returning from church were so outraged by the spectacle of an old woman kneeling at the foot of this cross, offering up her prayers, and perhaps renewing her vows, that, in their zeal, they pelted her with clods and stones. Next day they were somewhat astonished to find themselves severely punished by the new magistrate, who was immediately branded as a Papist in disguise. He was no more than I am; but a blunt, honest, fearless, sensible, even-handed gentleman (as I soon found out), honestly accepting the broad truths of religion which admit the possibility that there are priests and parsons who will enter heaven, as surely as that there are priests and parsons who will not. That’s what plays the dence with a fine country, sir,” said the Captain, rather confusedly. But we all understood him.

“You mean religious discord?” I interrupted.

“I mean religious *balderdash*!” he replied, striking the table with his fist—a habit of his when he wished to add emphasis to his remarks; “I mean confounded religious *bosh*—between man and man.”

“That’s the real Irish difficulty,” I remarked.

“Of course it is,” said he; “it’s at the bottom of all our misfortunes.”

“I vote we don’t enter into it,” said I. “It is as abstruse a question, to all appearance, now, as it was a hundred years ago. We’ll shirk it. We can’t settle it in one night.”

“In one night!” he retorted. “Look here! By the living Jingo, I’d settle it in less than five minutes, and prove it in one generation of —”

“If it was left to you.”

“Just so—if it was left to me; denominational education, and all the rest of it into the bargain. I’d just add a common clause to all the Christian creeds professed in Ireland, declaring that any man might be saved who followed, honestly, any one of them just as well as another. I’d insist on every child being taught *that*, at all events; and every father, priest, or parson who objected to it should have three months’ hard labour!”

We let the argument go by default, and assented without opposition or prejudice, for obvious reasons. It was a subject, evidently, upon which his mind was made up; and when an Irishman’s mind is made up, it is just as well not to disturb it—if you wish to consult your own ease. I speak as a “native, to the manor born.”

“Well, gentlemen,” he continued, “the magistrate had a temporary triumph. The Orangemen were punished, but they had their revenge; for, the following night the cross was cut up into square bits, which were piled in a heap and left there, by some person or persons unknown, as the phrase is, and who were never discovered from that time to this.”

“It must have required some skill,” said I, “to keep a fellow like Tim out of scrapes in such a place as Carrigahinch.”

“Scrapes! Confound it; that’s a mild word,” responded the Captain. “If he had been a soldier, the consequences might often have been serious; but, fortunately, he was only a retainer in quite a civil capacity—my servant, in fact. When he got into difficulties, he was always brought before the town authorities, instead of a Court Martial. It was generally a case of fine; and as I had to pay, he did not mind enjoying himself.

“The very next night after our arrival he was locked up. A policeman came with the news to me while I was at breakfast, and I started off immediately to hear the case, which had been on some time when I got in. It was the result of a public-house row. An assault was clearly proved, in which Tim got the best of it, for he always contrived to keep himself sober.

“Now” said the magistrate, addressing him, “you may consider it most fortunate that your position is not more serious. You have had a narrow escape. This is your first offence, as far as I am aware, and —”

"Yes, your worship, by raisin it's my first visit," said Tim, apologetically, "I only kem yesterday."

"Do you know anybody in the town?"

"Divil a wun I was regularly introduced to yet but your honour."

"Is there no one who will speak to your character, or go bail for you?"

"Tim hesitated: it was a critical moment. I advanced from the rear of the court to the bench. I was in uniform, and the crowd made way for me, out of curiosity as much as anything else."

"Arrah! Captain, darlin'," shouted Tim, "More power! Sure, didn't I make up the mare before I stirred out?"

"I spoke a few words in his behalf, which had the desired effect."

"You'll be more cautious for the future, I hope," said the magistrate; "let this be a warning to you. I am determined to allow no party expressions here—mind that. You must hide your proclivities or —"

"My what, your worship? That's a very scare word."

"If you wish to express your sentiments about King William, you had better not do it in such a way as to render yourself liable to be brought before me again. I fine you five shillings. Call the next case."

"The next case was called; but, before Tim could get out he was surrounded by the idlers in court, who got him into a red-hot rage by bantering him."

"You'll let King Billy alone for awhile, I'll take my davy," said one.

"Tim retorted, in an unmistakeable Kerry brogue, and at the top of his voice — 'Why would I? To hell with him, the owld reprobate! Get out of my road, or I'll —'"

"Bring that man up again," shouted the magistrate, rising to his feet. "I fine you now, sir, an additional five shillings."

"There was a shout of laughter."

"Long life to your honour," responded Tim.

"Silence!" said the magistrate, "or I'll have the court cleared. I can't allow such unseemly exhibitions. Look you here, sir, I have a great mind to fine you separately for each of the five assaults. What would you say to that?"

"Well, that would be too expinsive intirely, your worship," replied Tim, going down this time very meekly; "but there's no charge for sintiments, I suppose, your worship?"

"That depends on how you express them."

"Well, thin," said he, making good his

retreat towards the door, 'barrin' the cost, your worship, I THINK SO STILL.' And he vanished as the last word was uttered.

"Tim," said I, as we walked back together, "I don't mind ten shillings now, and again; but I must warn you, once for all, that if you don't keep yourself quiet in Carrigahinch, it will be absolutely out of my power to retain you in my service. It is as much as my commission is worth to run the risks I am running every day. Confound you! We are in a most ticklish position here, and will have to be on our guard."

"Ticklish, is it Captain; worse than that by long chalks! It bates the divil — saving your presence — and 'tisin't for want of religion naither."

"What's that got to do with it?" I inquired.

"Sure there's the chapel and a church, and a power of praitching-houses besides. The place is alive wid 'em, so it is. I counted nine of 'em I'm certain sure."

"The more the merrier, I suppose," said I, not paying much attention at the moment.

"Bedad, may be so! But, sure, Captain, I never heard tell of more than two religions in Ballybog, where I was reared. Father Welsh and the minister had it all between themselves."

"There are a great many more than that," said I; "how do you make it out?"

"Make it out, is it? Aisy enough. Catholics and Protestants — that's all they had in Kerry."

"Every one who doesn't go to Mass, Tim, is a Protestant," I exclaimed.

"Faix, may be so," he exclaimed, "but there's *only wan* right church at all events — the other is like the owld woman that had so many childer she didn't know what to do — and all of 'em fighting like a pack of red devils."

"I'm not going to argue the point with you," said I, "and I'd advise you not to argue it with anybody else while you're here. Take my advice and keep yourself quiet. Sergeant Skinner is quite at home in Carrigahinch; and I see that, in spite of my wishes, he has taken to preaching again."

"Sure enough," said Tim, "I saw him out last night, arm in arm with owld McGosh — him that used to be ranting in Cokehampton, long ago."

"I remember. It strikes me very forcibly Tim that you'll get your neck broke before a week is out."

"Bruck, is it! bad luck to the stick in the parish that's able to brake it. Don't be in dread, divil a dint they'll put in it."

"I hoped not, quite as fervently on my own account as on his; but I had misgivings as I parted with him. I left him reading a huge placard on the pier, which announced in large capitals the fact that the Rev. Mephibosheth McGosh would next day deliver an open air discourse on the errors of Popery, taking for his subject 'Prayers for the dead.'

"I went in to my quarters. The local newspaper, just out, fresh and damp, lay on my table; it had been sent without solicitation on my part, I therefore naturally concluded that it contained something unpleasant, and intended expressly for my eye. I was right. The leading article consisted of a bitter attack upon the Government for sending us to Carrigahinch at all. It went on to say that nearly all the men were Papists, and that of the three officers in command, one was hopelessly ill (this was poor Denis), another was a Papist, and a third, this was me, nothing in particular—only luke-warm, or something like that. It wound up by calling on all the good and true men of Carrigahinch to assert their rights to assemble in their might, and a lot more to the like effect; and it called upon me to see that McGosh was protected from mob violence in the exercise of an undoubted right. Evidently Sergeant Skinner was at the bottom of the whole business; he owed me a grudge for endeavouring to stop his preaching in the regiment. I wished him and McGosh at the deuce, and made up my mind for the worst. I had serious thoughts of keeping Tim a prisoner altogether, till the storm had blown over, if I could see my way to it, but I couldn't.

"We held a council of war after dinner, over our punch. There was no time to be lost, that was clear; and that was about all the conclusion we could come to after our deliberations.

"Suppose we send for Tim," suggested Wilkins, "and give him a caution."

"I gave him that this morning," I replied.

"Give him a tumbler of punch then," said Denis. "You may as well have him up at all events and hear what he says. You may be sure he has been out."

"The news he brought us was not reassuring. The town was filling rapidly. People were pouring in from all sides. I threw up the window. The distant hum was clearly audible from where we sat—a noise as of many voices and of many feet.

"Bedad, sir, there's every prospect of a good day's divarshun, and no mistake.

The raal fighting min won't be in, I'm towld, till after dark; but there's a power of *spectators* there already. I overheard a party saying that Mr. McGosh wanted to swear some informations that he was in dread of his life. The magistrate said it was all humbug, and McGosh is coming to see you."

"The devil he is!" said I.

"It's best to be on the look out, any way, sir. Maybe it's not alone he'll be; he might have a gathering after him."

"He'll not have time to come to-morrow," said Denis; "his hands will be full."

"Shure he has time to-night, sir," replied Tim.

"My mind is made up," said I. "Look here, I'll just confine all the men to the barracks."

"To the workhouse, you main, sir."

"Well, to the workhouse. I'll not let a man out to-morrow for love or money, unless we are sent for by the authorities. Tell Sergeant Skinner—or, stay; I'll write it, and you may deliver it at once, Tim."

"I wrote, ordering the sergeant to send out at once a strong picket of the guard, and to bring in forthwith all stragglers; afterwards to close the gates, and keep the soldiers in till further directions from me, I folded this order, and gave it to Tim for delivery."

"And see here; tell him to place an extra sentry on duty at the back entrance leading out of the long blank wall at the rear. There's no thoroughfare there, but it is just as well to be on the safe side. There's an old watchman's box in the yard of the workhouse; have it brought to the back gate, and post a man in it. Can I trust you?"

"Trust me is it! Shure it is not me that you're trusting at all, but the sergeant," said Tim. "You might trust me if the devil was at the hall door, captain."

"Well, just deliver the letter, and I'll leave the rest to you. See that no one is admitted to-night."

"Faix, we can't keep out McGosh. He has a free pass from the Boord of Guardians to visit the sick paupers any time at all, bad luck to him!"

"Don't let anyone in with him, at all events. See that he comes by himself."

"All right, sir. Good night, gentlemen."

"We kept it up rather late, not caring to retire till the noise outside had somewhat abated. I hadn't been in bed half an hour when I heard Tim's voice. He was evidently in altercation with some

one, but as he was also indulging in occasional snatches of song, I concluded that nothing serious had occurred. I did not discover the whole truth till he told me himself all about it afterwards.

"It appeared that McGosh *did* turn up about midnight. Tim slept in the loft over the stable at the end of the long passage, and quite close to my quarters. He was sitting at the window, in the dark, smoking his last pipe previous to turning in, when he caught sight of the reverend gentleman, just as he was rounding the work-house square under his window. Tim whistled; there was an answering whistle from the gate at the end of the passage, which he seemed to understand. He put his hand on the window-sill, and easily vaulted to the ground. The night was rather dark, but clear: there was no mistake about his man—he'd have sworn to McGosh among a thousand on a darker night than this.

"Halt!" shouted Tim, 'or, be jabers, I'll be afther putting a bullet through you! Who goes there?'

"A friend," responded McGosh, obeying the command.

"Stand and give the countersign!" said Tim.

"I don't know it," replied McGosh.

"And how dare you show your ugly nose here without it? That's sudden death, at *wanst*, so it is."

"I'm a clergyman," explained McGosh, 'I have a free pass; I visit the paupers when I like. Do you know Captain Howley?'

"I do," said Tim.

"I want to see him."

"Shure, he's no pauper," said Tim.

"No matter; my business is urgent. Do you know which is his room?'

"Well, I do."

"I'd be obliged if you'd point it out."

"That's a horse of another colour," said Tim, purposely blocking the way, 'maybe *he* mightn't though.' And he began tuning:

Says she,
You fool!

You're fresh from school.

Arrah! Get away — CLOSER — Shaun,*
Ommadhaun! †

"Be so good as to let me pass, then."

"Divil a foot!" said Tim.

"You're a most impertinent, presuming fellow! I have business with him—I must see him!" and he made a vigorous

* Shaun — Irish for Jack.

† Ommadhaun — Irish for a simple fellow.

effort to pass; but Tim had him by the tails of his coat. The threads of the garment began to give way, and the owner yielded to the pressure from behind. Perhaps, on second thoughts, McGosh concluded that, all things considered, it would be as well if he didn't provoke collision with the huge fellow before him. Discretion is acknowledged, at all times, to be the better part of valour; moreover, was it not more consistent with his duty as a Christian minister to avoid strife as much as possible. On the impulse of the moment he turned to go; but changed his mind as suddenly again.

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to take up my name to the captain? I shall not detain him long. Say that I wish to see him on important business. My name is McGosh—the Rev. Mephibosheth McGosh. I'm not in a hurry; I'll wait."

"Faith, then, if you do, it'll be agin my will, anyhow! Do you think I'd disturb the gentleman at this time of night?'

"I suppose I need not ask your leave," said McGosh, 'just point out the way and I'll go myself.'

"Neither wan nor the other," replied Tim, growing truculent; 'give me none of your chat. Right about, face! quick march! Make yourself scarce, and be smart about it!'

"McGosh hesitated. There was no time for ceremony. Tim seized him by the collar, turned him about, and pushed him vigorously and by main force towards the gate leading from the lane. Resistance was in vain, so McGosh gave in.

"Good-night. Thank you," he said, 'I can find my way. This is the way I came; you needn't mind coming any further.' He didn't quite like the escort.

"I'll wait till I see your reverence a bit of the road, at all events," was the response. 'You owld psalm-singing humbug! very little would make me —'

"I must beg you to —"

"Howld!" said Tim, shaking him to within an inch of his life. 'Not another word out of you between this and the gate, or I'll put my fist down your ugly throat!'

"McGosh did as he was bid, hoping that when he got to the gate he would be released without further molestation. He calculated his chances, and concluded that if the worst went to the worst, he might get a kick behind which might possibly be due, but not dangerous.

"They reached the sentry-box at last. 'Tim, is that yourself all right?' said a voice inside.

"Bedad, it is just myself sure enough, and in the best of company. Wouldn't you have the common decency to step outside and salute his reverence?"

"Is it the praitcher you mane? I thought he'd slip up unknownst to you."

"What a chicken I am!" replied Tim, contemptuously. "The devil is in it if we don't put him through his pacings. Come out and howld him."

"The heart of McGosh began to sink within him. He was completely in the power of two huge Irishmen. There was nobody about at that time of night who would be likely to take his part; he was at the wrong side of the gate for that. He couldn't run, for Tim's knuckles were in his collar. He was afraid to shout, remembering the injunctions of his captor. It wasn't so dark but that he could discern the faint outline of what appeared to be a musket in the sentry's hand."

"Howld him!" reiterated Tim; "come out of that and ketch him by the neck, while I see is the coast clear. Bad luck to you, is it afeard you are?"

"I wouldn't lay hand on him at all," said the other. "Divil a bit of me would touch him for a tin-pound-note — the owld heretic!"

"This was at least consolatory if it was not very complimentary to McGosh."

"Clap him into the box, then, and stand outside of him."

"Having satisfied himself, Tim returned immediately. 'It's all right; let his reverence out.'"

"McGosh hesitated to avail himself of the indulgence."

"Put him out if he won't come then: he'll keep us here all night."

"Give me the word and I'll walk straight in," said the sentry.

"You wouldn't murder a man in cold blood!" gasped McGosh, finding words at last; — "an innocent man!"

"I never kilt a man yet," said Tim, "and it isn't the likes of you I'd begin on."

"Quick, march!"

"The musket was levelled just on a line with the pit of the reverend gentleman's stomach, and the order was instantly obeyed. He was just in time to slip out edgeways. The weapon went through the back of the sentry-box with a crash, the sound of which sent terror into his heart."

"Down on your knees at wanst," said Tim, pouncing on his victim again. "Make haste! It'll soon be over." McGosh submitted in abject fear.

"Take your hat now."

"McGosh obeyed."

"Sign yourself," said Tim

"I — I don't understand!" gasped McGosh.

"Sign! — bless yourself! — make the sign of the cross. Be smart!"

"I don't know how!" pleaded McGosh.

"More shame for you! I'll soon larn you. Put your fust finger on your forehead; draw it straight down till you get to the last button on the waistcoat. Now put it on your left shoulder, and draw it over, across your chest. That's it! Now you have it complete! You won't forget that, in case I ask it again?"

"No," replied McGosh.

"What are you going to praitch about to-morrow, your reverence, I'd like to be sure?"

"Prayers for the dead!"

"Draw your breath now — you seem to be short of it. I want you to repate a few words for me, and I'll let you go. Are you ready?"

"Quite!" said McGosh, with a sigh of relief.

"Well, now, spake after me: *'May the Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan, al(i)as Conroy!'* That's my owld mother that was."

"I couldn't," said McGosh, growing courageous; "I couldn't — don't ask me. I could never bring myself to utter such blasphemous words!"

"Out with them," said Tim, "or by this and by that I won't lave a whole bone in your skin or a sound tooth in your head!"

"I can only do so, then, on compulsion."

"You'll just do it on your knees," said Tim.

"Under fear of my life — under protest!"

"Divil may care, only spake up. Say em out, that's all: *'The Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan, Al(i)as Conroy.'*"

"McGosh obeyed. Tim did not like his Latin. 'Al(i)as Conroy, and none of your humbugging. That's what they call in court a *mental reservation* you're making — like when a man kisses his thumb instid of the book. Say it right at wanst.'"

"The Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan Elias Conroy," repeated McGosh, as near as he could.

"Bless yourself wanst more, till I see how you do it."

"McGosh obeyed."

"That'll do, now, your reverence. That's more than ever you said for your

own mother, I'll be bound. You may go home now, and the top of the morning to you.'

"Tim opened the gate politely and touched his forelock. McGosh, seizing his hat, made good his retreat; and when he got outside, fairly took to his heels and ran. Tim made his way to bed immediately, after singing himself to sleep, I presume, for I caught the sound of his voice repeating the words:—

" 'Some say the devil's dead, and buried in Killarney,
More says he rose again and — listed in the army.'

"The first thing McGosh did next morning was to go the magistrate and swear informations against two soldiers, unknown, who had violently assaulted him inside the gates the night before.

"Here was a nice business, thought I to myself, when I read a letter brought me by a policeman, and heard his version of the affair.

" 'It's a very serious charge,' said I; 'go back and say that I shall use every effort to bring the men to justice — I can't say more. I'll see the magistrate at once and hear what Mr. McGosh has to say. The men shall be paraded for identification, and strict inquiry made.'

"Tim of course, would know all about the business, to a dead certainty; if, indeed, he was not actually one of the actors in it. I made a firm and determined resolution to dismiss him forthwith. Things were becoming too serious, and I felt that I was really placing myself in jeopardy by an overweening affection for the fellow. What I should do without him I did not allow myself to inquire, knowing, from previous experience, what the result would be if I temporized. I would not even give myself time to cool. I was, so to speak, in a white heat, and resolved to strike while I was hot.

"He came before me, looking very sheepish — the very picture of meekness and humility, as he always did, when he saw that I was inclined to be angry.

" 'What do you think of yourself now?' I exclaimed, after I had explained all I knew; 'this is a pretty kettle-o'-fish. Of course, it was all your doing. It was you who got me into it.'

" 'Well, it was I got you into it, surely, your honour; but it wasn't all my doing, for all that.'

" 'Whose, then?'

" 'Well, another man's sir, and —'

" 'Confound you! It wasn't a woman's

I suppose. Was it the sentry you posted at the back gate?'

" 'It was, sir.'

" 'Tim,' said I severely, 'I am resolved that this shall be the last row or scrape you'll get me into. I'll give you, now, a month's wages. You may take yourself back to Kerry as soon as you like.'

" 'As soon as I like, is it, captain?'

" 'I'll not consult your wishes in the matter; you'll go as soon as I like — that's at once!'

" 'Maybe you'll let me stay till the sodger is identified, your honour?'

" 'That will not take long, I presume,' said I, 'it's an easy matter.'

" 'An aisy matter, is it?' responded Tim, brightening up all of a sudden; 'Divil a greater poser McGosh ever had in his life than that same identification.'

" 'What do you mean?' said I.

" 'I mane that I'll howld on in your service, Captain, awhile yet.'

" 'I can't and won't allow any humbugging in this matter,' said I; 'once for all, let me tell you that he must be punished, and you, too, I take it.'

" 'Divil a matter about me,' responded Tim; 'but the sodger is all right, take my word. I never told you a lie.'

" 'All right!' I exclaimed, growing wrath. 'What do you mean? Do you mean to say that he is gone — that he has deserted?'

" 'Faix, he didn't, sir; for he never was there at all.'

"I looked at him in bewildered astonishment.

" 'Sure, your honor,' said he, growing confidential, and speaking with bated breath, 'SURE WASN'T IT WAN OF THE POPE'S PAUPERS, OUT OF THE WORKHOUSE, I HAD IN THE SENTRY BOX!'

"I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter as the truth dawned upon me. I saw my way out of the difficulty, and entered fully into the joke. Of course, identification was out of the question. The uniform of a Carrigahinch pauper, when he had his big overcoat and round skull-cap on, would pass off very well to the non-military eye — particularly when seen under such circumstances, and in the dark.

"Tim had chosen a 'good Catholic' (as he said), one on whom he could rely as not being very friendly to McGosh (there were plenty such in the workhouse); and, arming him with the handle of a stable-fork, posted him at the gate.

"At my examination I stated that I had not posted a sentry at this gate at all. My written orders to Sergeant Skinner

were produced. He would have got me into trouble if he could; but he was, happily, powerless. The men were all in early and each room was in charge of a non-commissioned officer, who could answer for those in his charge, as the roll had been called as usual.

"Nothing could be made of the case, and it was dropped. Even Tim escaped. He wisely kept out of sight; and McGosh not knowing who he was, or anything about him, could not give any clue as to his identity, any more than to that of the supposed soldier, though we had to go through the ceremony of parading all the men."

As the Captain concluded his story the grey light of dawn was breaking. There was a stir in the barrack yard. The men were already falling in, and preparing for the march. We filled a parting bumper.

There was an unanimous call for a song. The Captain demurred.

"You established the custom yourself," I pleaded, "the first night we met."

"A custom more honored in the breach than the observance," said he, with characteristic modesty, "as far, at least, as my voice is concerned."

"Not so," said I, "but this is no time for compliment; Captain, you will not fail us now. I urge it with all the solemnity of a last request."

"What shall it be then?" said he.

"One of Tim's," I suggested; "you gave us a while ago a few lines of one—a foretaste of what we might expect. Give us the whole of it."

Without more ado he began:—

"When I axed your owld father, my Kitty,
He wouldn't take on him to pay.

He's a bit of a screw;

But he'll make me a present—of you

Any day.

Have pity

On me,

Machree!

"Says she:—

You fool!

You're just from school,

Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

"Your mother is willing, my Kitty,

She wouldn't take on her to say.

She's a bit of a screw;

But she'll give me a present—of you

Any day.

Have pity

On me

Machree!

"Says she:—

You fool!

You're just from school,

Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

"I'm bothered intirely for aise;

'Tis draming I am in the day.

I'm getting no sleep in the night,

But lying awake with the fright.

My Kitty

Take pity

On me if you please.

I'll just make bowld,

To tighten my howld,

Machree!

"Says she:—

You fool!

Your fresh from school.

Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun!

"Your lips are so rosy, my Kitty,

I think they are pouting—at me,

More's the pity;

It's no wonder I'd wish to make free.

Give me wan, and that's all.

"Sure I couldn't at all!

I wouldn't kiss mortal, says she;

But may be you'd take it, Machree!

Since you are making bowld,

And you keep a good howld;

You needn't go back to the school,

Like a fool,

If you get away—CLOSER—shawn,

Ommadhaun!

"'Tis past and gone,

My song is done.

We were two fools, and now we're wan—

My Kitty Machree,

And me!"

J. FRANKLIN FULLER.

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GAMBLING SUPERSTITIONS.

It might be supposed that those who are most familiar with the actual results which present themselves in long series of chance-games would form the most correct views respecting the conditions on which such results depend,—would be, in fact, freest from all superstitious ideas respecting chance or luck. The gambler who sees every system—his own infallible system included—foiled by the run of events, who witnesses the discomfiture of one gamester after another that for a time had seemed irresistibly lucky, and who can number by the hundred those who have been ruined

by the love of play, might be expected to recognize the futility of all attempts to anticipate the results of chance combinations. It is, however, but too well known that the reverse is the case. The more familiar a man becomes with the multitude of such combinations, the more confidently he believes in the possibility of foretelling, — not, indeed, any special event, but the general run of several approaching events. There has never been a successful gambler who has not believed that his success (temporary though such success ever is, where games of pure chance are concerned) has been the result of skillful conduct on his own part; and there has never been a ruined gambler (though ruined gamblers are to be counted by thousands) who has not believed that when ruin overtook him he was on the very point of mastering the secret of success. It is this fatal confidence which gives to gambling its power of fascinating the lucky as well as the unlucky. The winner continues to tempt fortune, believing all the while that he is exerting some special aptitude for games of chance, until the inevitable change of luck arrives; and thereafter he continues to play because he believes that his luck has only deserted him for a time, and must presently return. The unlucky gambler, on the contrary, regards his losses as sacrifices to ensure the ultimate success of his "system," and even when he has lost his all, continues firm in the belief that had he had more money to sacrifice he could have bound fortune to his side for ever.

We propose to consider some of the most common gambling superstitions, — noting, at the same time, that like superstitions prevail respecting chance events (or what is called fortune) even among those who never gamble.

Houdin, in his interesting book, *Les Tricheries des Grecs dévoilées*, has given some amusing instances of the fruits of long gambling experience. "They are presented," says Steinmetz, from whose work, *The Gaming-Table*, we quote them, "as the axioms of a professional gambler and cheat." Thus we might expect that, however unsatisfactory to men of honest mind, they would at least savour of a certain sort of wisdom. Yet these axioms, the fruit of long study directed by self-interest, are all utterly untrustworthy.

"Every game of chance," says this authority, "presents two kinds of chances which are very distinct, — namely, those relating to the person interested, that is the player; and those inherent in the combinations of the game." That is, we are to

distinguish between the chances proper to the game, and those depending on the luck of the player. Proceeding to consider the chances proper to the game itself, our friendly cheat summons them all up in two rules. First: "Though chance can bring into the game all possible combinations, there are, nevertheless, certain limits at which it seems to stop: such, for instance, as a certain number turning up ten times in succession at roulette; this is possible, but it has never happened." Secondly: "In a game of chance, the oftener the same combination has occurred in succession, the nearer we are to the certainty that it will not recur at the next cast or turn up. This is the most elementary of the theories on probabilities; it is termed *the maturity of the chances*" (and he might have added that the belief in this elementary theory had ruined thousands). "Hence," he proceeds, "a player must come to the table not only 'in luck,' but he must not risk his money except at the instant prescribed by the rules of the maturity of the chances." Then follow the precepts for personal conduct: — "For gaming prefer roulette, because it presents several ways of staking your money — which permits the study of several. A player should approach the gaming-table perfectly calm and cool — just as a merchant or tradesman in treaty about any affair. If he gets into a passion it is all over with prudence, all over with good luck — for the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player. Every man who finds a pleasure in playing runs the risk of losing.* A prudent player, before undertaking anything, should put himself to the test to discover if he is 'in vein' or in luck. In all doubt he should abstain. There are several persons who are constantly pursued by bad luck: to such I say — *never play*. Stubbornness at play is ruin. Remember that Fortune does not like people to be overjoyed at her favours, and that she prepares bitter deceptions for the imprudent who are intoxicated by success. Lastly, before risking your money at play, study your 'vein' and the different probabilities of the game — termed, as aforesaid, *the maturity of the chances*."

Before proceeding to exhibit the fallacy of the principles here enunciated — principles which have worked incalculable mischief — it may be well for us to sketch the history of the scamp who enunciated them,

* This naive admission would appear, as we shall presently see, to have been the fruit of genuine experience on our gambler's part: it only requires that, for the words "runs the risk," we should read "incurs the certainty," to be incontrovertible.

—so far, at least, as his gambling successes are concerned. His first meeting with Houdin took place at a subscription ball, where he managed to fleece Houdin "and others to a considerable amount, contriving a dexterous escape when detected. Houdin afterwards fell in with him at Spa, where he found the gambler in the greatest poverty, and lent him a small sum—to practise his grand theories." This sum the gambler lost, and Houdin advised him "to take up a less dangerous occupation." It was on this occasion, it would seem, that the gambler revealed to Houdin the particulars recorded in his book. "A year afterwards Houdin unexpectedly fell in with him again; but this time the fellow was transformed into what is called a '*demi-millionnaire*,' having succeeded to a large fortune on the death of his brother, who died intestate. According to Houdin, the following was the man's declaration at the auspicious meeting:—'I have,' he said, 'completely renounced gaming; I am rich enough; and care no longer for fortune. And yet,' he added proudly, 'if I now cared for the thing, how I could break those bloated banks in their pride, and what a glorious vengeance I could take of bad luck and its inflexible agents! But my heart is too full of my happiness to allow the smallest place for the desire of vengeance.'" Three years later he died; and Houdin informs us that he left the whole of his fortune to various charitable institutions, his career after his acquisition of wealth going far to demonstrate the justice of Becky Sharp's theory, that it is easy to be honest on five thousand a year.

It is remarkable that the principles enunciated above are not merely erroneous, but self-contradictory. Yet it is to be noticed that though they are presented as the outcome of a life of gambling experiences, they are in reality entertained by all gamblers, however limited their experience, as well as by many who are only prevented by the lack of opportunity from entering the dangerous path which has led so many to ruin. These contradictory superstitions may be called severally,—the gambler's belief in his own good luck, and his faith in the turn of luck. When he is considering his own fortune he does not hesitate to believe that on the whole the Fates will favour him, though this belief implies in reality the *persistence* of favourable conditions. On the contrary, when he is considering the fortunes of others who are successful in their play against him, he does not doubt that their good luck will presently desert them, that is, he believes in

the *non-persistence* of favourable conditions in their case.

Taking in their order the gambling superstitions which have been presented above, we have, first of all, to inquire what truth there is in the idea that there are limits beyond which pure chance has no power of introducing peculiar combinations. Let us consider this hypothesis in the light of actual experience. Mr. Steinmetz tells us that, in 1813, a Mr. Ogden wagered 1000 guineas to one that "seven" would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair) and strange to say his opponent threw "seven" *nine times running*. At this point Mr. Ogden offered 470 guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined (though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance). He cast yet once more, and threw "nine," so that Mr. Ogden won his guinea.

Now here we have an instance of a most remarkable series of throws, the like of which has never been recorded before or since. Before those throws had been made, it might have been asserted that the throwing of nine successive "sevens" with a pair of dice, was a circumstance which chance could never bring about, for experience was as much against such an event as it would seem to be against the turning up of a certain number ten successive times at roulette. Yet experience now shows that the thing is possible; and if we are to limit the action of chance, we must assert that the throwing of "seven" *ten times* in succession is an event which will never happen. Yet such a conclusion obviously rests on as unstable a basis as the former, of which experience has disposed. Observe, however, how the two gamblers viewed this very eventuality. Nine successive "sevens" had been thrown; and if there were any truth in the theory that the power of chance was limited, it might have been regarded as all but certain that the next throw would not be a "seven." But a run of bad fortune had so shaken Mr. Ogden's faith in his luck (as well as in the theory of the maturity of the chances) that he was ready to pay 470 guineas (nearly thrice the mathematical value of his opponent's chance) in order to save his endangered thousand; and so confident was his opponent that the run of luck would continue that he declined this very favourable offer. Experience had in fact shown both the players, that although "sevens" could not be thrown for ever,

yet there was no saying when the throw would change. Both reasoned probably that as an eighth throw had followed seven successive throws of "seven" (a wonderful chance), and as a ninth had followed eight successive throws (an unprecedented event), a tenth might well follow the nine (though hitherto no such series of throws had ever been heard of). They were forced as it were by the run of events to reason justly as to the possibility of a tenth throw of "seven,"—nay, to exaggerate that possibility into probability; and it appears from the narrative that the strange series of throws quite checked the betting propensities of the bystanders, and that not one was led to lay the wager (which according to ordinary gambling superstitions would have been a safe one) that the tenth throw would not give "seven."

We have spoken of the unfairness of the original wager. It may interest our readers to know exactly how much should have been wagered against a single guinea, that ten "sevens" would not be thrown. With a pair of dice there are thirty-six possible throws, and six of these give "seven" as the total. Thus the chance of throwing "seven" is one sixth, and the chance of throwing "seven" ten times running is obtained by multiplying six into itself ten times, and placing the resulting number under unity, to represent the minute fractional chance required. It will be found that the number thus obtained is 60,466,176, and instead of 1,000 guineas, fairness required that 60,466,175 guineas should have been wagered against one guinea, so enormous are the chances against the occurrence of ten successive throws of "seven." Even against nine successive throws the fair odds would have been 10,077,595 to one, or about forty thousand guineas to a farthing. But when the nine throws of "seven" had been made, the chance of a tenth throw of "seven" was simply one-sixth as at the first trial. If there were any truth in the theory of the "maturity of the chances," the chance of such a throw would of course be greatly diminished. But even taking the mathematical value of the chance, Mr. Ogden need in fairness only have offered a sixth part of 1,001 guineas (the amount of the stakes), or 166 guineas 17s. 6d., to be off his wager. So that his opponent accepted in the first instance an utterly unfair offer, and refused in the second instance a sum exceeding by more than three hundred guineas the real value of his chance.

Closely connected with the theory about the range of possibility in the matter of chance combinations, is the theory of the maturity of the chances,— "the most elementary of the theories on probabilities." It might safely be termed the most mischievous of gambling superstitions.

As an illustration of the application of this theory, we may cite the case of an Englishman, once well known at foreign gambling-tables, who had based a system on a generalization of this theory. In point of fact the theory asserts that when there has been a run in favour of any particular event, the chances in favour of the event are reduced, and, therefore, necessarily, the chances in favour of other events are increased. Now our Englishman watched the play at the roulette table for two full hours, carefully noting the numbers which came up during that time. Then, eschewing those numbers which had come up oftenest, he staked his money on those which had come up very seldom or not at all. Here was an infallible system, according to "the most elementary of the theories of probability." The tendency of chance-results to right themselves, so that events equally likely in the first instance will occur an equal number of times in the long run, was called into action to enrich our gambler and to ruin the unlucky bankers. Be it noted, in passing, that events do thus right themselves, though this circumstance does not operate quite as the gambler supposed, and cannot be trusted to put a penny into any one's pocket. The system was tried, however, and instead of reasoning respecting its soundness, we may content ourselves with recording the result. On the first day our Englishman won more than seven hundred pounds in a single hour. "His exultation was boundless. He thought he had really discovered the 'philosopher's stone.' Off he went to his banker's, and transmitted the greater portion of his winnings to London. The next day he played and lost fifty pounds; and the following day he achieved the same result, and had to write to town for remittances. In fine, in a week he had lost all the money he won at first, with the exception of fifty pounds, which he reserved to take him home; and being thoroughly convinced of the exceeding fickleness of fortune, he has never staked a sixpence since, and does all in his power to dissuade others from playing."*

* From an interesting paper entitled "*Le Jeu est fait*" in *Chambers' Journal*.

It may appear paradoxical to say, that there is chance that results right themselves — nay, that there is an absolute certainty that in the long run they will occur as often (in proportion) as their respective chances warrant, and at the same time to assert that it is utterly useless for any gambler to trust to this circumstance. Yet not only is each statement true, but it is of first-rate importance in the study of our subject that the truth of each should be clearly recognized.

That the first statement is true, will perhaps not be questioned. The reasoning on which it is based would be too abstruse for these pages; but it has been experimentally verified over and over again. Thus, if a coin be tossed many thousands of times, and the numbers of resulting "heads" and "tails" be noted, it is found, not necessarily that these numbers differ from each other by a very small quantity, but that their difference is small compared with either. In mathematical phrase, the two numbers are nearly in a ratio of equality. Again, if a die be tossed, say, six million times, then, although there will not probably have been exactly a million throws of each face, yet the number of throws of each face will differ from a million by a quantity very small indeed compared with the total number of throws. So certain is this law, that it has been made the means of determining the real chances for an event, or of ascertaining facts which had been before unknown. Thus, De Morgan relates the following story in illustration of this law. He received it "from a distinguished naval officer, who was once employed to bring home a cargo of dollars." "At the end of the voyage," he says, "it was discovered that one of the boxes which contained them had been forced; and on making further search a large bag of dollars was discovered in the possession of some one on board. The coins in the different boxes were a mixture of all manner of dates and sovereigns; and it occurred to the commander, that if the contents of the boxes were sorted, a comparison of the proportions of the different sorts in the bag, with those in the box which had been opened, would afford presumptive evidence one way or the other. This comparison was accordingly made, and the agreement between the distribution of the several coins in the bag and those in the box, was such as to leave no doubt as to the former having formed a part of the latter." If the bag of stolen dollars had been a small one, the inference would have been unsafe, but

the great number of the dollars corresponded to a great number of chance trials; and as in such a large series of trials the several results would be sure to occur in numbers corresponding to their individual chances, it followed that the numbers of coins of the different kinds in the stolen lot would be proportional, or very nearly so, to the numbers of those respective coins in the forced box. Thus in this case the thief increased the strength of the evidence against him by every dollar he added to his ill-gotten store.

We may mention, in passing, an even more curious application of this law, to no less a question than that much talked of, but little understood problem, the squaring of the circle. It can be shown by mathematical reasoning, that, if a straight rod be so tossed at random into the air as to fall on a grating of equidistant parallel bars, the chance of the rod falling through depends on the length and thickness of the rod, the distance between the parallel bars, and the proportion in which the circumference of a circle exceeds the diameter. So that when the rod and grating have been carefully measured, it is only necessary to know the proportion just mentioned in order to calculate the chance of the rod falling through. But also, if we can learn in some other way the chance of the rod falling through, we can infer the proportion referred to. Now the law we are considering teaches us that if we only toss the rod often enough, the chance of its falling through will be indicated by the number of times it actually does fall through, compared with the total number of trials. Hence we can estimate the proportion in which the circumference of a circle exceeds the diameter, by merely tossing a rod over a grating several thousand times, and counting how often it falls through. The experiment has been tried, and Professor De Morgan tells us that a very excellent evaluation of the celebrated proportion (the determination of which is equivalent in reality to squaring the circle) was the result.

And let it be noticed in passing that this inexorable law — for in its effect it is the most inflexible of all the laws of probability — shows how fatal it must be to contend long at any game of pure chance, where the odds are in favour of our opponent. For instance, let us assume for a moment that the assertion of the foreign gaming bankers is true, and that the chances are but from 11-4 to 21-2 per cent in their favour. Yet in the long run, this percentage must manifest its effects.

Where a few hundreds have been wagered the bank may win 1 1-4 or 2 1-2 on each, or may lose considerably; but where thousands of hundreds are wagered, the bank will certainly win about their percentage, and the players will therefore lose to a corresponding extent. This is inevitable, so only that the play continue long enough. Now it is sometimes forgotten that to ensure such gain to the bank, it is by no means necessary that the players should come prepared to stake so many hundreds of pounds. Those who sit down to play may not have a tithe of the sum necessary — if only wagered once — to ensure the success of the bank. But every florin the players bring with them may be, and commonly is, wagered over and over again. There is repeated gain and loss, and loss and gain; inasmuch that the player who finally loses a hundred pounds, may have wagered in the course of the sitting a thousand or even many thousand pounds. Those fortunate beings who "break the bank" from time to time, may even have accomplished the feat of wagering millions during the process which ends in the final loss of the few thousands they may have begun with.

Why is it, then, it will be asked, that this inexorable law is yet not to be trusted? For this reason, simply, that the mode of its operation is altogether uncertain. If in a thousand trials there has been a remarkable preponderance of any particular class of events, it is not a whit more probable that the preponderance will be compensated by a corresponding deficiency in the next thousand trials than that it will be repeated in that set also. The most probable result of the second thousand trials is precisely that result which was most probable for the first thousand — that is that there will be no marked preponderance either way. But there *may be* such a preponderance; and it may lie either way. It is the same with the next thousand, and the next, and for every such set. They are in no way affected by preceding events. In the nature of things, how they can be? But "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges" in its own way. The balance is restored just as chance directs. It may be in the next thousand trials, it may be not before many thousands of trials. We are utterly unable to guess when or how it will be brought about.

But it may be urged that this is mere assertion; and many will be very ready to believe that it is opposed to experience, or even contrary to common sense. Yet ex-

perience has over and over again confirmed the matter, and common sense, though it may not avail to unravel the seeming paradox, yet cannot insist on the absurdity that coming events of pure chance are affected by completed events of the same kind. If a person has tossed "heads" nine times running (we assume fair and lofty tosses with a well-balanced coin), common sense teaches him, as he is about to make the tenth trial, that the chances on that trial are precisely the same as the chances on the first. It would indeed have been rash for him to predict that he would reach that trial without once failing to toss "head;" but as the thing has happened, the odds originally against it count for nothing. They are disposed of by known facts. We have said, however, that experience confirms our theory. It chances that a series of experiments have been made on coin-tossing. Buffon was the experimenter, and he tossed thousands of times, noting always how many times he tossed "head" running before "tail" appeared. In the course of these trials he many times tossed "head" nine times running. Now, if the tossing "head" nine times running rendered the chance of tossing a tenth head much less than usual, it would necessarily follow that in considerably more than one half of these instances Buffon would have failed to toss a tenth head. But he did not. We forget the exact numbers, but this we know, that in about half of the cases in which he tossed nine "heads" running, the next trial also gave him "head;" and about half of these tossings of ten successive "heads" were followed by the tossing of an eleventh "head." In the nature of things this was to be expected.

And now let us consider the cognate questions suggested by our sharper's ideas respecting the person who plays. This person is to consider carefully whether he is "*in vein*," and not otherwise to play. He is to be cool and businesslike, for fortune is invariably adverse to an angry player. Steinmetz, who appears to place some degree of reliance on the suggestion that a player should be "*in vein*," cites in illustration and confirmation of the rule the following instance from his own experience: — "I remember," he says, "a curious incident in my childhood which seems very much to the point of this axiom. A magnificent gold watch and chain were given towards the building of a church, and my mother took three chances which were at a very high figure, the watch and chain being valued at more than 100*l*.

One of these chances was entered in my name, one in my brother's, and the third in my mother's. I had to throw for her as well as myself. My brother threw an insignificant figure; for myself I did the same; but, oddly enough, I refused to throw for my mother on finding that I had lost my chance, saying that I should wait a little longer — rather a curious piece of prudence" (read, rather, superstition) "for a child of thirteen. The raffle was with three dice; the majority of the chances had been thrown, and 'thirty-four' was the highest." (It is to be presumed that three dice were thrown twice, yet "thirty-four" is a remarkable throw with six dice, and "thirty-six" altogether exceptional.) "I went on throwing the dice for amusement, and was surprised to find that every throw was better than the one I had in the raffle. I thereupon said, 'Now I'll throw for mamma.' I threw thirty-six, which won the watch! My mother had been a large subscriber to the building of the church, and the priest said that my winning the watch for her was quite *providential*. According to M. Houdin's authority, however, it seems that I only got into 'vein,' — but how I came to pause and defer throwing the last chance has always puzzled me respecting this incident of my childhood, which made too great an impression ever to be effaced."

It is probable that most of our readers can recall some circumstance in their lives, some surprising coincidence, which has caused a similar impression, and which they have found it almost impossible to regard as strictly fortuitous.

In chance games especially, curious coincidences of the sort occur, and lead to the superstitious notion that they are not mere coincidences, but in some definite way associated with the fate or fortune of the player, or else with some event which has previously taken place, — as a change of seats, a new deal, or the like. There is scarcely a gambler who is not prepared to assert his faith in certain observances whereby, as he believes, a change of luck may be brought about. In an old work on card-games the player is gravely advised, if the luck has been against him, to turn three times round with his chair, "for then the luck will infallibly change in your favour."

Equally superstitious is the notion that anger brings bad luck, or, as M. Houdin's authority puts it, that "the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player." At a game of pure chance good temper makes the player careless under ill-fortune,

but it cannot secure him against it. In like manner, passion may excite the attention of others to the player's losses, and in any case causes himself to suffer more keenly under them, but it is only in this sense that passion is unlucky for him. He is as likely to make a lucky hit when in a rage as in the calmest mood.

It is easy to see how superstitious such as these take their origin. We can understand that since one who has been very unlucky in games of pure chance, is not antecedently likely to continue equally unlucky, a superstitious observance is not unlikely to be followed by a seeming change of luck. When this happens the coincidence is noted and remembered; but failures are readily forgotten. Again, if the fortunes of a passionate player be recorded by dispassionate bystanders, he will not appear to be pursued by worse luck than his neighbours; but he will be disposed to regard himself as the victim of unusual ill-fortune. He may perhaps register a vow to keep his temper in future; and then his luck may seem to him to improve, even though a careful record of his gains and losses would show no change whatever in his fortunes.

But it may not seem quite so easy to explain those undoubted runs of luck, by which players "in the vein," (as supposed) have broken gaming-banks, and have enabled those who have followed their fortunes to achieve temporary success. The history of the notorious Garcia, and of others who like him have been for awhile the favourites of fortune, will occur at once to many of our readers, and will appear to afford convincing proof of the theory that the luck of such gamblers has had a real influence on the fortunes of the game. The following narrative gives an accurate and graphic picture of the way in which these "bank-breakers" are followed and believed in, while their success seems to last.

The scene is laid in one of the most celebrated German Kursaals.

"What a sudden influx of people into the room! Now, indeed, we shall see a celebrity. The tall light-haired young man coming towards us, and attended by such a retinue, is a young Saxon nobleman who made his appearance here a short time ago, and commenced his gambling career by staking very small sums; but, by the most extraordinary luck, he was able to increase his capital to such an extent that he now rarely stakes under the maximum, and almost always wins. They say that when the croupiers see him place

his money on the table, they immediately prepare to pay him, without waiting to see which colour has actually won, and that they offered him a handsome sum down to desist from playing while he remains here. Crowds of people stand outside the Kursaal doors every morning, awaiting his arrival, and when he comes following him into the room, and staking as he stakes. When he ceases playing they accompany him to the door, and shower on him congratulations and thanks for the good fortune he has brought them. See how all the people make way for him at the table, and how deferential are the subdued greetings of his acquaintances! He does not bring much money with him; his luck is too great to require it. He takes some notes out of a case, and places maximums on *black* and *couleur*. A crowd of eager hands are immediately outstretched from all parts of the table, heaping up silver and gold and notes on the spaces on which he has staked his money, till there scarcely seems room for another coin, while the other spaces on the table only contain a few florins staked by sceptics who refuse to believe in the count's luck." He wins; and the narrative proceeds to describe his continued successes, until he rises from the table a winner of about one hundred thousand francs at that sitting.

The success of Garcia was so remarkable at times as to effect the value of the shares in the *Privilegierte Bank* ten or twenty per cent. Nor would it be difficult to cite many instances which seem to supply incontrovertible evidence that there is something more than common chance in the temporary successes of these (so-called) fortunate men.

Indeed, to assert merely that in the nature of things there can be no such thing as luck that can be depended on even for a short time, would probably be quite useless. There is only one way of meeting the infatuation of those who trust in the fates of lucky gamblers. We can show that granted a sufficient number of trials, and it will be remembered that the number of those who have risked their fortunes at *roulette* and *rouge et noir* is incalculably great — there must inevitably be a certain number who appear exceptionally lucky — or, rather, that the odds are overwhelmingly against the continuance of play on the scale which prevails at the foreign gambling tables, without the occurrence of several instances of persistent runs of luck.

To remove from the question the perplexities resulting from the nature of the

above named games, let us suppose that the tossing of a coin is to determine the success or failure of the player, and that he will win if he throws "head." Now if a player tossed "head" twenty times running on any occasion it would be regarded as a most remarkable run of luck, and it would not be easy to persuade those who witnessed the occurrence that the thrower was not in some special and definite manner the favourite of fortune. We may take such exceptional success as corresponding to the good fortune of a "bank-breaker." Yet it is easily shown that with a number of trials which must fall enormously short of the number of cases in which fortune is risked at foreign KursaaIs, the throwing of twenty successive heads would be practically ensured. Suppose every adult person in Britain — say 10,000,000 persons in all — were to toss a coin, each tossing until "tail" was thrown; then it is practically certain that several among them would toss twenty times before "tail" was thrown. Thus, it is certain that about five millions would toss "head" once; of these about one half, or some two millions and a half would toss "head" on the second trial; about a million and a quarter would toss "head" on the third trial; about six hundred thousand on the fourth; some three hundred thousand on the fifth; and by proceeding in this way — roughly halving the numbers successively obtained — we find that some eight or nine of the ten million persons would be almost certain to toss "head" twenty times running. It must be remembered that so long as the numbers continue large the probability that about half will toss "head" at the next trial amounts almost to certainty. For example, about 140 toss "heads" sixteen times running: now it is utterly unlikely that of these 140, fewer than 60 will toss "head" yet a seventeenth time. But if the above process failed on trial to give even one person who tossed heads twenty times running — an utterly improbable event — yet the trial could be made four or five times, with practical certainty that not one or two, but thirty or forty, persons would achieve the seemingly incredible feat of tossing "head" twenty times running. Nor would all these thirty or forty persons fail to throw even three or four more "heads."

Now if we consider the immense number of trials made at gambling tables, and if we further consider the gamblers as in a sense typified by our ten millions of coin-tossers, we shall see that it is not merely

probable but absolutely certain that from time to time there must be marvellous runs of luck at *roulette, rouge et noir, hazard, faro*, and other games of chance. Suppose that at the public gaming-tables on the continent there sit down each night but one thousand persons in all, that each person makes but ten ventures each night, and that there are but one hundred gambling nights in the year — each supposition falling far below the truth — there are then one million ventures each year. It cannot be regarded as wonderful, then, that among the fifty millions of ventures made (on this supposition) during the last half century, there should be noted some runs of luck which on any single trial would seem incredible. On the contrary, this is so far from being wonderful that it would be far more wonderful if no such runs of luck had occurred. It is probable that if the actual number of ventures, and the circumstances of each, could be ascertained, and if any mathematician could deal with the tremendous array of figures in such sort as to deduce the exact mathematical chance of the occurrence of bank-breaking runs of luck, it would be found that the antecedent odds were many millions to one in favour of the occurrence of a certain number of such events. In the simpler case of our coin-tossers the chance of twenty successive "heads" being tossed can be quite readily calculated. We have made the calculation, and we find that if the ten million persons had each two trials the odds would be more than 10,000 to 1 in favour of the occurrence of twenty successive "heads" once at least; and only a million and a half need have a single trial each, in order to give an even chance of such an occurrence.

But we may learn a further lesson from our illustrative tossers. We have seen that granted only a sufficient number of trials, runs of luck are practically certain to occur; but we may also infer that no run of luck can be *trusted* to continue. The very principle which has led us to the conclusion that several of our tossers would throw twenty "heads" successively, leads also to the conclusion that one who has tossed heads twelve or thirteen times, or any other considerable number of times in succession, is not more (or less) likely to toss "head" on the next trial than at the beginning. *About half*, we said, in discussing the fortunes of the tossers, would toss "head" at the next trial: in other words, *about half* would fail to toss "head." The chances for and against these lucky tossers are equal at the next trial, precise-

ly as the chances for and against the least lucky of the ten million tossers would be equal at any single tossing.

Yet, it may be urged, experience shows that luck continues; for many have won by following the lead of lucky players. Now we might at the outset, point out that this belief in the continuance of luck is suggested by an idea directly contradictory to that on which is based the theory of the maturity of the chances. If the oftener an event has occurred, the more unlikely is its occurrence at the next trial — the common belief — then contrary to the common belief, the oftener a player has won, (that is, the longer has been his run of luck), the more unlikely is he to win at the next venture. We cannot separate the two theories, and assume that the theory of the maturity of the chances relates to the play, and the theory of runs of luck to the player. The success of the player at any trial is as distinctly an event — a chance event — as the turning up of ace or deuce at the cast of a die.

What then are we to say of the experience of those who have won money by following a lucky player? Let us revert to our coin-tossers. Let us suppose that the progress of the venture in a given county is made known to a set of betting men in that county; and that when it becomes known that a person has tossed "head" twelve times running, the betting men hasten to back the luck of that person. Further, suppose this to happen in every county in England. Now we have seen that these persons are no more likely to toss a thirteenth "head," than they are to fail. About half will succeed, and about half will fail. Thus about half their backers will win and about half will lose. But the successes of their winners will be widely announced; while the mischances of the losers will be concealed. This will happen — the like notoriously does happen — for two reasons. First, gamblers pay little attention to the misfortunes of their fellows: the professed gambler is utterly selfish, and, moreover, he hates the sight of misfortune because it unpleasantly reminds him of his own risks. Secondly, losing gamblers do not like their losses to be noised abroad; they object to having their luck suspected by others, and they are even disposed to blind themselves to their own ill-fortune as far as possible. Thus, the inevitable success of about one half of our coin-tossers would be accompanied inevitably by the success of those who "backed their luck," and the success of such backers would be bruited abroad and be quoted as examples; while the fail-

ure of those who had backed the other half. (whose luck was about to fail them), would be comparatively unnoticed. Unquestionably the like holds in the case of public gambling-tables. If any doubt this, let them inquire what has been heard of those who continued to back Garcia and other "bank-breakers." We know that Garcia and the rest of these lucky gamblers have been ruined; they had risen too high and were followed too constantly for their fall to remain unnoticed. But what has been heard of those unfortunates who backed Garcia after his last successful venture, and before the change in his luck had been made manifest? We hear nothing of them, though a thousand stories are told of those who made money while Garcia and the rest were "in luck."

In passing, we may add to these considerations the circumstance that it is the interest of gaming-bankers to conceal the misfortunes of the unlucky, and to announce and exaggerate the success of the fortunate.

We by no means question, be it understood, the possibility that money may be gained quite safely by gambling. Granting, first, odds such as the "banks" have in their favour; secondly, a sufficient capital to prevent premature collapse; and thirdly, a sufficient number of customers, success is absolutely certain in the long run. The capital of the gambling public, doubtless exceeds collectively the capital of the gambling-banks; but it is not used collectively; the fortunes of the gambling public are devoured successively, the sticks which would be irresistible as a fagot, are broken one by one. We leave our readers to judge whether this circumstance should encourage gambling or the reverse.

It is also easy to understand why in the betting on horse-racing in this country and others, success ordinarily attends the professional bettor, rather than the amateur, or, in the slang of the subject, why "the ring" gets the advantage of "the gentlemen." Apart from his access to secret sources of information, the professional bettor nearly always "lays the odds," that is, bets against individual horses; while the amateur "takes the odds," or backs the horse he fancies. Now if the odds represented the strict value of the horse's chance, it would be as safe in the long run to "take" as to "lay" the odds. But no professional bettor lays fair odds, save by mistake. Nor is it difficult to get the amateur to take unfair odds. For "backing" is seemingly a safe course. The "backer" risks a small sum to gain a large one, and

if the fair large sum is a little reduced, he still conceives that he is not risking much. Yet (to take an example), if the true odds are nine to one against a horse, and the amateur sportsman consents to take eight to one in hundreds, then though he risks but a single hundred against the chance of winning eight, he has been as truly swindled out of ten pounds as though his pocket had been picked of that sum. This is easily shown. The total sum staked is nine hundred pounds, and at the odds of nine to one, the stakes should have been respectively ninety pounds and eight hundred and ten pounds. Our amateur should, therefore, only have risked ninety pounds for his fair chance of the total sum stated. But he has been persuaded to risk one hundred pounds for that chance. He has therefore been swindled out of ten pounds. And in the long run, if he laid several hundreds of wagers of the same amount, and on the same plan, he would inevitably lose on the average about ten pounds per venture.

In conclusion we may thus present the position of the gambler who is not ready to secure fortune as his ally by trickery. If he meets gamblers who are not equally honest, he is not trying his luck against theirs, but, at the best (as De Morgan puts it) only a part of his against more than the whole of theirs. If he meets players as honest as himself he must, nevertheless, as Lord Holland said to Selwyn, "be—in earnest and without irony—*en vérité le serviteur très humble des événements*, in truth the very humble servant of events."

From The Dublin University Magazine.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR CHRISTIANS.

It is not often that we have the advantage of learning the views of outsiders upon our morals and manners. How Christianity strikes the mind of a heathen we can seldom learn. Occasionally, the publication of some work like the "Modern Buddhist," enables us to see in what aspect the creed of Christianity strikes a philosophic and inquiring mind brought up under very different influences. We send out costly missions to all parts of the globe; we translate the Bible into every variety of gibberish; we write books upon the manners, history, and religion of the speakers of the said gibberishes; but we rarely get to know what they think of us. The heathen is reticent, or reserves his criticisms for his own countrymen; and so

we lose that pleasure coveted by Burns, "of seeing ourselves as others see us." It is, perhaps, as well; for our self-love would not be flattered could we see the caricatures which pass for images of our veritable form and body. Notwithstanding the long period which has elapsed since the first European was seen in China, the ideas of western manners and religion do not appear to be so minutely correct as could be wished. A work has been widely circulated in the Celestial Empire, filled with the most absurd and disgusting fables concerning the foreigners and native Christians, and probably had its share in rousing John Chinaman to that pitch of ferocity which led to the massacre at Tien-Tsin. A copy of this work, notwithstanding the precautions employed to prevent it falling into Christian hands, came into the possession of the missionaries in Teng-Chow, and was by them translated into English.*

The work is chiefly a compilation, portions of it having been written against the Jesuits in the 17th century. In its present form it is an attack on Christianity and Christian nations at large. As such it is a literary curiosity, and we purpose giving an account of it, only premising that the work is in parts so inconceivably obscene as to defy quotation.

First, as to the manners and morals of Christendom generally, but especially England and France. *Place aux Dames* — "Women are regarded as superior; men as inferior. From the king down to the people all are subject to the authority of their wives. It is a common thing for a wife to drive away her husband, and seek another. They say that men are born of women; therefore many of their kingdoms are governed by queens."

But although the western nations are gallant, their conjugal morality is not very severe: — "When a son dies, a father may marry his daughter-in-law. A man may also marry his own daughter. They marry the widows of deceased brothers, uncles, or nephews. They also marry their own sisters."

They are great polygamists: — "It is considered honourable to have many wives. The principal man is allowed three thousand; and every year they collect the women together and a selection is made."

The western method of showing respect is somewhat peculiar: — "They do not

kneel, never bending a knee even before their king. They take hold of and kiss his hand, or pluck out hair from the forehead and throw it on the ground; this 'being the highest degree of honour shown either to a king or a father.'"

As to their morals the less we say about them the better: — "When friends meet they inquire about each other's wives, but never about parents. They regard parents as belonging to a past period. Brothers and friends seldom see each other, but when they meet they give themselves up to licentious intercourse."

Mr. Cardwell will probably be surprised to hear: — "That in England they have the art of cutting out paper men and horses, and by burning charms and repeating incantations, transforming them into real men and horses. These they use to terrify their enemies."

Necromancy, however, is rarely a blessing, and so these magic battalions can be dissolved by beating gongs, discharging large guns, and spouting water over them. So much for the Christians in their native lands. The chief or head of the religion prevailing in France is called Kwo-ni. The name of their god (Shen), is Parti-hing, from his apotheosis to the present time, is one thousand and forty years. He has hair and whiskers, and one image represents him standing up looking with clasped hands to heaven. Another represents him kneeling and looking with clasped hands to heaven. These are the images the people worship. When the priests worship him, they have also an image of Buddha which they call Parti-li. On the third of the ninth month they worship their ancestors but use no tablet.

In the kingdom of A-kwo-er they constantly practise killing men to sacrifice to Jesus in praying for happiness. They also offer sacrifices at their graves. When a principal man dies they offer one thousand men as a sacrifice. To procure victims they catch foreigners and traders coming into their borders, and if these are not sufficient, they seize travellers, so that no one dares to go to market alone for fear of being carried off.

In the Celestial Empire — "They depend on their skill in constructing curious and ingenious machinery, and on their knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, making use, also, of occult and devilish arts, and practising alchemy."

Amongst these occult arts is photography: — "There is, however, a method of taking likenesses by spreading some chemicals over the surface of the mirror. The

* "Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines. A Plain Statement of Facts. Published by the Gentry and People." Translated from the Chinese. Shanghai. 1870.

practice of this art is very lucrative, and some native Christians have by great assiduity possessed themselves of it. They also by obtaining the hair and nail parings of women and placing them under the bed-mat, acquire the power to compel their presence."

About opium we have a truthful testimony:—"Opium is produced in the west. Its smell is fragrant and its taste very delicious, and when first taken it will cure disease. There are none of the foreigners who eat it themselves, but they beguile Chinese to pay enormous prices for it and eat it. After a time it emaciates the body and wastes the springs of life until the whole man becomes a wreck, so that many die from the effects."

The Christian statesmen who forced this vile drug into China have a heavy responsibility upon their souls.

Incantations are used to decoy people into Christianity, and when a person enters this religion, the teacher gives him four ounces of silver and a pill. After thus taking the pill his whole mind is confused and darkened, so that "he destroys his ancestral tablets, and only worships an image of a naked child, which points one finger toward heaven and the other toward the earth. They say this is the Prince Jesus." They also sacrifice to a god (Shen) called Ka-ni, and to another called Partihing. Instead of doing this, they sometimes make use of red paper on which they describe an elliptical figure, within which they represent a cross with swords, spears, and other instruments; this they call 'the holy cross,' and place it over their doors or in a shrine."

So far we have only seen John Chinaman's view of the ceremonial parts of Christianity. Now we come to his conceptions of its doctrine:—"Those who commit sin must go to hell and wail and repent in the presence of Jesus, and pray to the mother of Jesus that she may present their prayer to God (T'ien-Chu), who will thus forgive their sins and permit their souls to ascend to heaven. All Buddhas, however, are devils, to be confined in hell for ever, without release." If you ask who Jesus is, the reply is, "he is God." (T'ien-Chu). If you ask who God (T'ien-Chu) is, the reply is, "he is the ruler of heaven and earth and all things." If you ask why he descended and was born a man, the reply is, that "God (T'ien-Chu) had compassion on Adam, and on his descendants, to whom the calamity of his sin was transmitted through all time, and so he engaged to come to the world within five thousand

years, and redeem them." How can these things be? cries the celestial critic. How is it possible for the Son of God (Shangti) to take the form of a man and be born? Before Jesus was born, in whose hands was the government of the universe? When his body had ascended to heaven how could he have a grave for men to worship? Further he finds that Christians are not agreed as to their own sacred history, for some say that Jesus died without any descendants, others, that he had a son born after his death called Prince Jesus. Some say that Jesus was born in the first year of the Emperor Tuen Sze, of the Han dynasty; others say he was born in the second year of the Emperor Tuen Sheo, and still others say in the fourteenth year of the same Emperor. The accounts are of various kinds, and disagree among themselves. "In the first year of the Emperor Kung Cheng, the T'ien-Chu sect made great progress at the capital. There was a literary graduate called Chang Keo-i who was in straits for a livelihood. He and his family joined the sect of T'ien-Chu, and making liberal gains were soon in comfortable circumstances. A beggar was in the habit of knocking at the door in his rags, begging something to eat. The man Chang, upon giving him some food, exhorted him to go and enter the T'ien-Chu sect, and escape his poverty. The beggar replied, 'Though I should starve to death, I would not throw away my humanity, and become a mere beast.' Chang said to him 'Why do you use such violent language?' The beggar replied, 'I do not speak violently; if you will listen I will tell you.' Chang said to him, 'Say on.' The beggar said 'The T'ien-Chu sect are the sect of Jesus. This Jesus broke the laws of his country, and was put to death on the cross; and thus they discard the relation of king and subject. The mother of Jesus, called Mary, had a husband called Joseph, yet it is reputed that Jesus was not the son of his father; and thus they discard the relation of husband and wife. Those who follow him are not allowed to worship their ancestors or their tablets, and so they discard the relation of father and son. When a man discards the relations of king and subject, husband and wife, and father and son, if he is not a beast what is he?' Chang was enraged, and drove him out, and the beggar carelessly went his way. In a few years Chang's money was squandered, and he died of a grievous disease."

Another anecdote refers to a popular belief seemingly deeply rooted in the Chi-

nese mind that certain indignities are perpetrated upon their dead by the Christian priests:—"In the reign of the Emperor Wan-Lie, a foreigner named Parta-li came into Chekiang, and began to persuade men to join the T'ien-Chu sect; and great numbers were ensnared by him. There was a certain military undergraduate called Wang Wen-mu, an athlete, who hearing when any one who had joined this sect died, they secretly took out his eyes, had a desire to test the matter, and so by false pretences entered the sect. For some days he ate nothing, and word was sent to the priest, who came and sure enough he had a little knife in his hand, and coming forward, was about to cut out Wang's eyes, when he, springing up suddenly, beat him and drove him out of his house, and cut off his head and destroyed his image of Jesus. When this affair came to be known in the capital, the Emperor rewarded him liberally."

What earthly or heavenly use could a dead man's eyes be applied to? Why should the priests desire them?

The reason is this. "From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose."

The charges of licentiousness, which our author very freely urges against the Christians, are put forth in a style which forbids us to allude further to them. One would think that a work so full of falsehood and absurdity would be its own refutation. Yet there seems to be no reason to doubt that the work is readily received by the Chinese as a faithful portrait of Christianity and its professors. To attempt to criticize such a production would be a sheer waste of time, since in a literary country like China, national and religious prejudices (things not unknown amongst Western peoples) have succeeded in producing such a hideous caricature, we may well ask whether our own pictures of foreign lands and strange religions are to be relied upon.

W. E. A. A.

From The St. James' Magazine.

A TRUE LOVER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE."

NIGHT: hot, breathless, blue, pierced with fiery white stars without, dusky and stifling round a dull glimmering candle within, pulsing doomfully with the blank "tick-tack" of a watch, which some hand, forgetful of more needful tasks, has wound up and placed on a shelf. An Indian night, awfully beautiful outside; but here, in a sick room, heavily redolent of vinegar and ether, lying like a palpable horror on a hot forehead, wet with sickened dews, a labouring chest, and waxen, wasted hands, that toss moaningly to and fro, and seek in vain for an easy place on that furnace-bed of fever.

Dennis Kilcourcey, who at present owns these inconvenient proofs of humanity, but who is not likely, if appearances are correct, to own them long, has been lying here for weeks, parched and frozen to the heart alternately, "fairly melting away," as his sweet Irish voice, half comic, half pathetic, expressed it, when he could still smile at his own sufferings; till all strength of mind and body seem drained out of him, or concentrated into those big black-blue eyes, ablaze with fever, glistening from their dark circles with a terribly intent look, such as men seldom wear till they lie face to face, shut up beyond chance of escape, with the last great problem.

He looks awfully white, as he lies on the white pillow—just a touch of scarlet on his sharpened cheekbone, and his lips that move drily with faint fluttering breaths; his voice, muttering complaints that in their agony are almost prayers, is nearly extinguished; and the boy comrade, Newsome, who shares his quarters, who left him, weary of the piteous spectacle, half afraid of one more piteous yet, two hours ago, has to-night all the sad importance of the first bearer of ill news.

"Kilcourcey's awfully bad," he has announced to one man after another, "I don't think he can live."

"Poor old Paddy! he used to be so jolly," says some one, regretfully; "always ready to help a man out of a scrape."

"Or into one," remarks an unpopular person, whom an angry repetition of Newsome's intelligence speedily checks.

"Somebody ought to go and see him," a new voice observes.

"Ye-es," replies Newsome, rather doubtfully; only—

"Why not?"

"Well, he groans so, and . . . I think he's off his head a little, and you know, quite . . . dying."

He drops his voice nervously at the last words, and fidgets with a ring on his finger, while an oppressed silence falls on the rest.

They are most of them young, and afraid, not exactly of death, but of a death-bed scene — of any sort of gloom; embarrassed, too; wondering, perhaps, if that pleasant, hot-tempered, soft-hearted, reckless daredevil "Paddy," will be as daring to the last, or need prayer and comfort such as they never knew, or have forgotten how to give. So they look at each other soberly, till a man rises from the shadow, where he has been sitting, and goes with a gentle heavy step towards the door.

"Elphinstone," says some one, as if the name were in itself comforting and explanatory; and messages are shouted after him, to which he listens conscientiously, and with sadness on a usually cheerful face, and then goes on his mission.

"It's in his line," remark those he leaves; and they are so far right, that doing a kindness, under whatever circumstances, is always in Shafto Elphinstone's line.

He reaches the door of Kilcourcey's room in course of time, and after knocking twice or thrice in vain, enters. The candle has burned lower, and the sick man lies much quieter, with a look of awe and helpless terror in his bright eyes and on his wan face that goes to Shafto's kindly heart.

He turns his head sharply as the latter enters, having heard him outside speaking to the doctor, who has been here since Newsome left.

"He says, I'll die?" he asks piteously, "Oh! Elphinstone." And he shudders, and stares round wildly, and clutches the big hand that Shafto lays tenderly upon him, as if for very life.

"No, no, he doesn't say that."

"Don't tell me a lie, now, to keep me quiet. . . . besides, I — I — ought to know . . . to prepare. . . . *She* used to try and teach me these things; but my head's so bad I can't remember. Do you think God can forgive? . . . D'ye think He sees how hard. . . . D'ye think He'd take me when I'm so unfit?"

"But the doctor *doesn't* say you're dying, old fellow," replies Shafto soberly, interrupting the incoherent cries of despair which have driven Newsome away terrified. "He says you're very bad; but you may pull through, and he trusts you will. . . . And even if you couldn't, it isn't

your sins that matter; but your being sorry for them to God."

"*She* said so," answers the other eagerly, brushing the drops off his forehead. "But then I thought it might be because she cared for me a little, and so wanted to look at it that way. But you'd tell me the truth, wouldn't you?"

"You know I would."

"And it *isn't* sure I'll die this time?"

"No."

Kilcourcey heaves a long sigh of relief, and clinging fast to Shafto's hand, turns his head wearily to the pillow.

"I think I'll be able to rest now," he mutters, exhaustedly. "I was afraid before, if I didn't keep stirring, I'd die in my sleep. . . . And there was a message. . . . and a locket. . . ."

His words die into a tired murmur; he falls asleep with them on his lips, and Shafto, looking down with simple unenvying admiration at the delicate beauty of his features, the long black lashes that quiver on his waxen cheek, the wet glossy rings of hair tangling on his white forehead, wonders whether the "message and the locket" were for that same "she" who used to try and teach poor Dennis the good things he has such need of now; whether she loved him very much, and was really the secret of his fits of recklessness and sorrow, of his magnificent indifference to the belles of the station.

"Poor girl!" he thinks, "and poor Paddy, too! It's evident it can't have gone very smoothly." And as he makes this reflection, Dennis stirs, and strokes caressingly, with feeble feverish fingers, the strong hand he clasps, and mutters "Darling," over and over, with a name Shafto does not catch.

He listens tenderly, with a little curious awe for a feeling he has never known. *His* life has been a very calm and steady current, slow enough, with scarcely an event to break its course till that which is sending him back to England now, namely, his unexpected succession to estates and a fortune.

He rejoices over it in a quiet way, for he dislikes India, and thinks England the only country worth living in; but he is not unduly elated, and has mild schemes for the good of others — his friends — his future tenants and neighbours — as well as for his own pleasure. Elphinstone is quiet, indeed, in every thing. Out of those light blue eyes, which are not beautiful, or soft and passionate, like Kilcourcey's, looks a soul which will never find full utterance here — wistful, yearning, sad, with

out knowing it: from those lips which are by no means perfectly chiselled, no burning eloquence, no brilliant and convincing argument, will ever fall. He may persuade by deeds; but not by words. He is plain and common-place, a big, good-natured person, whom nobody makes a hero of, or worships, but everybody tranquilly likes; round whose long legs half the children in the station tumble; on whose knees the most misanthropic canine individual rests a ready muzzle; whose horses, if they throw him on an average twice a day without doors, follow him like dogs, and come trotting up eagerly at his whistle, within. He has red hair, a wide mouth under his great ragged moustache, high cheek-bones, a long doubtful nose, and an untutored manner of expressing himself. But then "*il est plus homme que les autres hommes*," so far as the nobler side of manhood is concerned. He is unimpeachably brave, morally as well as physically, unblenchingly true in speech and action, and as loyal to his principles as if they were oaths newly sworn.

And in his honest, plain face, his strong grip, his deep voice, which is yet so gentle—all this speaks: it is no wonder everybody bewails his departure, or that on this, his last evening, he has been besieged with invitations, which he has relinquished to sit where he sits now, by the sick-bed of a man nearly a stranger, whose fretfulness and terror have driven all others away. Shafto had quite forgotten some jokes at his expense—a caricature of his own big clumsy self—the witty Irishman made for people to laugh at a month or two before, till reminded of both by somebody who wished to detain him, and then he had said, in scorn,—

"Bear malice to him for *that*, poor fellow? By Jove, what an idea!" and had straightway, as related, betaken himself to the sick-room.

And I think, even if he could know what the faint hand that lies trustingly in his is to do to him one day, he would not cast it aside; but with a manly struggle, and a not less manly prayer, would go straight on, loyally, with the duty next his own, and trust in God for help in the bitter end.

Poor Kilcourcey keeps stirring and muttering softly, and sometimes a sweet happy smile that lightens it strangely, creeps over his haggard face, making Shafto anxious; it seems so like a dying radiance. He sings too, weakly, over and over, the same words "Good-bye, sweet-

heart, Good-bye," in a fond lingering cadence. At last, with a strength of which he has seemed incapable, he starts up, stretches out open arms, and cries with a great sob of wonder and joy,—

"O darling, I thought I'd lost you. I dreamt I was dying out there, alone; and you'd forgotten poor Dennis, and . . ."

He stops short in the outpourings which Shafto has not the heart to check; the empty air that his arms embrace gives sad and silent denial to that happy vision.

"O God!" he says, piteously; "It's true! O, why was I born?" And he falls back, and hides his face, trying to stifle in the pillow the bitter sobs that tear their way from his throat.

Becoming quieter, he looks up with sad confidence in the other's face. "I dreamed I was at . . . home," he says, yearningly. "It was so awfully real! I'd like to tell you about her, Elphinstone, if you didn't mind."

"Do," answers Shafto, soothingly, supporting him with a strong arm, and putting the pillows straight tenderly, if clumsily. "I've thought there was something."

"Have you?" asks Dennis, faintly. "Well, it isn't much of a story. I met her first at a ball. I don't know about her being so wonderfully pretty; but she was unlike all other girls in the room, and every where else. She made me feel worse than I had ever felt before, and yet wish more to be good—quite from the first moment. Well, I met her at a lot more places. I never meant to fall in love with her, nor to make her love me. . . . I knew I was in debt, and awfully poor, and that I couldn't marry for years. When I thought there wasn't any danger, I didn't see why I should go away, and by the time I saw there was, I *couldn't*."

"Poor Paddy!" said Shafto, pityingly.

"And she . . . bless her!" continued Dennis, smiling a little, with the sublime triumph of a true lover, in spite of everything, at the thought; "she didn't want me to go. When I spoke to her and told her I had meant all along to do what was right and honourable, but how my love had got too strong for me, and I must speak—she spoke too. She told me she loved me, and that she was gladder and prouder of it than if I'd been a king on his throne; she said we'd wait for each other, and be constant, and trustful, and true all our lives. . . . And I . . . But I needn't tell all that," sighed Dennis, wearily and mournfully. "It's so bitter now it's all over. Well . . . we went on

loving and hoping; and I tried to get my affairs a little straight, and to find something to do at home. But I could not, and only got worse and worse off—and my leave was coming to an end, and every thing. I knew what it would be, leaving her with her people, who would persuade her I was a good-for-nothing scamp, and would try to make her marry one of the other men who liked her; for there were several. They would be there, and encouraged, and I far away, and abused. I was jealous, wretched and humiliated by being so poor that I hadn't even a right to have a heart, it seemed; and I made her miserable, and even ill—my precious one. But still she bore with me, and tried to comfort me. . . O Elphinstone!" asked Dennis, turning his head sharply, and staring with anxious dilated eyes, "don't you think God 'll reward her for that—for all the pain in some way?"

"Surely," answered Shafto in a shaken voice. "Poor little girl! Yes?"

"Things were in that way, when one day, just before I was going, by appointment, to meet her in 'the Row' I got a note from a cousin of mine, who had not long been married, imploring me to see her instantly, saying she would wait in a quiet part of the Park till I came, for it was a matter of life and death to her. I had not a moment to write to my darling, even if she'd been at home to receive a note. I went off at once to Nora—my cousin, and found her awfully upset. Her husband—quite a lad—was in an awful scrape, one she dared not breathe to any one but me; not even to me, till she had sworn me to secrecy. I gave her the best advice in my power. (we had always been friends), and left her. It was late, and I thought it would be of no use going to the Row, though I was in sight of it. If I only had! Strange, how a day, an hour spoils a man's whole life. . . though perhaps," said Dennis slowly and painfully, "it's better as it is. I went to four o'clock tea at my darling's house (she'd asked me before). They wouldn't let me in. I went away angry; but wrote and asked the reason, and begged her to see me the next day. She wrote back to say 'Yes,' but in the coldest way. I found another fellow there when I arrived: this put me out, and I wasn't in a temper to receive meekly her hits at some crime of mine which I was unconscious of having committed. We quarrelled and said hard things to each other. It came out at last that she had seen me with Nora. If I had been myself I'd have told her enough to

content her; but I was in a rage and too proud even to defend myself. I said if she couldn't trust me she didn't love me; and she said the want of trust was on my side. And so we parted," muttered Kilcourcey, with a groan, "like that—angry . . . for ever—"

"Didn't you try to make it up?" inquired Elphinstone, sympathetically, wondering simply at the madness related.

"No," returned Kilcourcey, his voice getting very faint. "I wrote five or six letters, and tore them up. I thought if she couldn't trust me she'd be too wretched when I was away. I knew I could never break it off if I didn't then—if I saw her or heard her voice. And I was an awfully bad match, and had no right to spoil her prospects, and make her unhappy besides. People had often told me so: but of course while we two were so perfectly happy in each other, I laughed at them. Now, I saw it all. So, to be out of temptation, I left town: I knew I should soon be far enough, in India, for my leave was up."

"Did she write, or anything?"

"One little note; . . . it wasn't too warm."

"But that was an opening. Did you write back?"

"Yes. I said we'd better part; that it was all hopeless, and I couldn't bear things as they were any longer, so I was going away, but that I should always remember her, and pray for her happiness. Oh, I was a fool, a coward!" groaned Dennis, between his teeth. "But it's best for her. She'll marry a better fellow than I am, and one who can give her a home, and not burden her with his bitter trouble."

"Well."

"Well, then I left and came here. And it's all over," repeated Kilcourcey, dreamily.

"Perhaps not," suggested Elphinstone, cheerfully. "Perhaps you'll go home when you're better off, and find her true after all."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dennis, passionately, throwing himself back on the pillow. "I'll never go home again, nor see her. She must be married by now." And as he lay, he writhed at the thought.

Shafto tried hard to comfort him. He had a momentary idea of doing something in a pecuniary way for this hapless pair; but Dennis's reiterated declaration that his love loved him no longer, coupled with the fact that men cannot receive these favours at each other's hands, held him back from even its expression.

So when Dennis, exhausted with talking, muttered, "No, — I love her, I worship her; but I'll never, never see her again!" he was silenced, and could only pity him with the protecting tenderness which men of his stamp sometimes have for a nature with feminine foibles like Kilcourcy's, and do his utmost to assuage the invalid's physical sufferings.

Dennis fell sound asleep at last; and Elphinstone left him at early dawn, breathing so softly that his chest scarcely stirred, and clasping in his wasted hand a little locket, which was the only remnant of his happy love.

The daylight which found him achingly awake to the reluctant care of nurses — amateur alike in love and skill — to heat, and weariness, and pain, and trembling terror, saw Shafto on board the vessel that was bearing him to his native land, to promised prosperity and popularity, and the choice, if he willed, of a fair bride. Yet, sobered by his vigil by that troubled sick-bed, this prayer rose to his lips — needless now, sorely needed hereafter: —

"Grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise, that so, amid the sundry and manifold changes of this life, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found."

From The Saturday Review.
FRANCE.

THE wearisome nature of the details of current French history is apt to disguise the very great novelty of the experiment in government that is being made in France. Affairs are now managed there in a fashion to which there is no parallel. The Executive Government is very powerful in its own sphere. It controls the whole administration of the country; it conducts foreign affairs almost without any control being exercised over it. Considerable personal respect and deference is shown to it, or at any rate to its Chief. But it is not supported by any majority in the Assembly. The Assembly and the Executive are two independent powers which treat with each other as if on equal terms. So long as it was believed that M. Thiers was indispensable, he could, in the last resort, force the Assembly to yield to his wishes. But it is generally understood now that M. Thiers, though very useful, is not indispensable; and if he chose to resign, his resignation, it

is thought, might be accepted without the country being thrown into confusion. On all matters of great importance the Assembly acts entirely for itself. It frames projects of law, and passes them or alters them without paying any serious attention to the wishes of the Government. M. Thiers is believed to retain all his old prepossessions against universal military service; but he has to look on in silence while the Assembly is passing clause after clause of a Bill obliging every Frenchman to serve for five years in the national army. General Trochu, with great reason as it seems to us, has in the last day or two made a powerful speech against this long term of compulsory service, and thinks that three years ought to be the limit. But it is to the Assembly, not to the Government, that he addresses his arguments. Again, the Budget of 1873 is soon to come on for discussion, and a Committee of the Assembly has been appointed to examine and report on it. M. Thiers is a Protectionist of the old school, but three-fourths of those appointed by the Assembly to sit on the Budget Committee are Free-traders. The Assembly will really frame the Budget for itself, and it will in all probability frame it on principles diametrically opposite to those which the Government is disposed to favour. No contrast could be greater than the contrast between such a state of things and that which obtains under Constitutional Monarchies like England. Here the Government frames all important measures, and if it cannot carry a fair proportion of the measures it proposes, it vanishes altogether and gives place to a Government better able to carry what it thinks ought to be carried. In the United States the Executive and Legislative powers are quite distinct; but the Executive and the majority of the two branches of the Legislature are elected by and represent the same political party. The Executive as a general rule works in harmony with the Legislative power, because the two powers proceed from the same source and are responsible to the same set of persons. In France the Assembly and the Executive stand apart from each other, and are under no other responsibility than that imposed by the fear lest they should become so unpopular in the country as to provoke a civil war or a *coup d'état* that might upset either or both of them. The Assembly is a legislative body, and it legislates; it not merely approves and amends laws, but it frames and originates them. The Executive is the Executive; and it sets itself resolutely, and with very great success, to oppose any

invasion of its province on the part of the Assembly. It is true that two such parts of a great governing body cannot wholly stand aloof. M. Thiers tries hard very often to get the Committees of the Assembly to adopt his views, and on many questions the action of the Assembly is largely determined by the preliminary exercise of the President's influence. Every now and then he speaks in the Assembly, and his opinions have there all the weight that they would in any case have as the opinions of M. Thiers, and something more in virtue of their being the expression of the views of the President. The Assembly, on the other hand, has prevented the Government from making Paris once more the seat and centre of administration, although perhaps the decision of such a point is strictly a matter within the province of the Executive. Still, although there may be exchanges of influence of this sort, and compromises may occasionally be imposed by the one power on the other, the essential features of this very novel and interesting experiment in governing are untouched, and the Legislature and the Executive each move in their own path.

Whether this curious state of things is destined to endure, whether we have something new, and at the same time of permanent value, in political life in this co-ordination of independent powers, as to which the received opinion of theorists has hitherto been that either they must be impelled by the same springs of action, or else one of them must be subordinate to the other, it is far too early as yet to say. It is more important for the moment to watch what are the present effects of the political arrangement; and these effects may be spoken of in very favourable terms. The moderation and good sense both of the President and of the Assembly have visibly increased since their relation to each other has been defined, and it has been recognized what part each has to play. If there were two things on a profound knowledge of which M. Thiers especially piqued himself, they were finance and the art of war. He had perfectly persuaded himself of the truth of the theory that what is good for England is not the same as what is good for France in finance or in anything else, and that it is the speciality of France to thrive best under Protection, just as he does not for a moment deny that it is the speciality of England to thrive best under Free-trade. He has written a history of the Great Napoleon, and has fought the battles of that eminent persons o well on paper that he can scarcely realize to him-

self that he did not fight them in actual life. Yet M. Thiers has learnt to sit smiling and patient while the present rulers of France adopt principles of finance and military arrangements which he thinks totally wrong. The Assembly has improved immensely since it felt it had real power to use, and that, if it used it in a moderate manner and consulted the wishes of the country, it might within certain limits have its way and rule. The Assembly of to-day is almost another Assembly from that which met at Bordeaux. It is even very different from the Assembly which met after the autumn recess last year. It is not distracted by party intrigues. The schemes for the immediate restoration of Monarchy have died away. The Orleanists and the Legitimists of the White Flag no longer affect to settle the terms on which they shall make France their own. M. Rouher has had his say on behalf of the Empire, and has gained nothing by saying it. The Assembly is beginning to recognize the sway of distinct leaders. The Duke of Anmale, the Duke of Audriffet, Pasquier, General Chanzy, and M. Gambetta have made their eminence felt, and men look to see what they have to say. The main reason of this happy change is that the Assembly has got real work to do, and feels the bracing and tranquilizing influences of having to do real work. To decide how France shall maintain its financial equilibrium, and to remodel the national army, are two as grave matters as any set of men could be engaged in considering; and the Assembly has not to criticize, to reject, or to amend schemes of dealing with these grave matters — it has to deal with them itself. It cannot shelter itself behind the name of the Government, and throw all the blame of bad measures on M. Thiers. It has to act and to act under a very great sense of responsibility; and the consequence is that it listens very readily to any one who has really got anything to say to it that is worth hearing; and it will listen to objections which it thinks are worth attending to. M. Gambetta, for example, who objected very strongly to a clause in the Army Bill providing that in certain cases the authorities might defer the time at which young men should be obliged to begin their service in the army, and who justly urged that such a provision would open the door to all kinds of jobbing and political favouritism, got such important modifications introduced that he declared himself almost satisfied. He wanted still further modifications, went to a division,

and was beaten by a large majority. But the noticeable thing is, that he who was a year ago described by the President as a raging madman, is now listened to, speaks most rationally, gains some points, loses others, and has risen, or sunk, as people may choose to call it, to the position of a useful and influential member of a working body.

With regard to no subject is the growing moderation of the Assembly more conspicuous than on matters connected with religion. If men can be rational and moderate about religion, they can be rational and moderate about anything. In England there are many excellent and worthy persons who rise up and lie down every day in the profound belief that the working of the 25th section of the Education Act is the only really important subject of human interest. If such is the feeling as to the green wood of English Nonconformity, it is easy to conceive what must be the feeling as to the very dry wood of French Ultramontanism. But the Assembly is evidently impressed with that which impresses all laymen who have practically to decide on questions connected with religion, and that is the enormous difficulty of knowing what to do in such matters, and the wisdom of acting slowly and cautiously in so fiery a region of politics. The Bishop of Orleans during the progress of the Army Bill made a very eloquent speech in favour of religious instruction as the basis of the education of the young soldiers of France, and of the necessity of imbuing the army of the future with a grave, humble, reverential, and Christian spirit. He, like many other Frenchmen, recognized and acknowledged how different was the stamp of the Prussian army in this respect from the stamp of the armies of the Second Empire. But if he chose to ignore the main and fundamental difficulty which besets all action in France with regard to religious education, his hearers could not ignore it. The Bishop wishes the education of the army to be religious; he says that the Prussian army was more religious, or at least had been more drilled into religion, than the French, and that this was one cause of the easy defeat of the French army in the late war. As a general proposition, the great majority of the Assembly would of course agree with him, and would say that religious education, being the best basis for life in general, is also the best basis for the life of a soldier in particular. But when it is asked what is meant by religious education, then the answer in France is that religious

education means education given by priests on the principles of the Syllabus. But these principles are directly opposed to the principles on which modern society in France or elsewhere habitually and avowedly acts. The case of Prussia, so far as Prussia is a Protestant country, is totally different. There is no collision between the religious and the political teaching of Protestants. They have got their own way, which Roman Catholics pronounce to be a foolish and illogical way, of reconciling religion with modern thought. But nobody in France has got any such way, and most Frenchmen would heartily despise the notion of having it. The consequence is that religious education after the Ultramontane pattern cannot be favoured by the Assembly without the Assembly at the same time dreading lest the youth of France should be brought up to hate all the principles on which the Assembly itself is habitually acting. And yet the Assembly has no wish, and certainly has no power, to take education in France out of the hands of the priests. The consequence is, that the Assembly has done the best thing it could do. It has listened, held its tongue, and gone on to work at some humbler subject which it could treat in a satisfactory manner. A year ago the Bishop of Orleans would have roused the frantic passions of the Whites and the Reds. Now he is listened to in respectful silence, and then the Assembly turns to practical work. An Assembly which can have thus improved may fairly be said to have forgotten something and learnt something since its career began.

From The Saturday Review.
PETER THE GREAT.

RUSSIA has been this week celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great. A solemn service was held on the appointed day, last Tuesday, in the Cathedral. Then there was a procession by water to the landing-stage before the statue of the founder of the Russian Empire. The Emperor rode at the head of an imposing body of troops across the Isaac's Plain to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Another grand service was celebrated, and once more the procession returned to the statue. A salute on the largest scale was fired, and the troops marched by in all their splendour. Everything that was possible was done in honour of the truly remarkable man who

found Russia an Empire of savages, and left it an Empire in contact with, and almost a part of, the civilized world. It was not only that when Peter visited William III. Russia was unknown to England, but there was nothing as to Russia which Europe was in the least concerned in knowing. Its only port was Archangel; Sweden cut it off from the Baltic; Turkey from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. It had no cities, or wealth, or learning, or armies fit to cope with Europeans. Peter said that the Swedes taught him the art of war, and he learnt it as a perfectly new lesson, in a manner that made the Swedes repent that their teaching had been so good. Peter, under circumstances so very unfavourable, determined that Russia should not only be a great Power, but a great naval Power. He set himself to learn the rudiments of the art of ship-building, and he framed in the dockyards of Saardam and Deptford the project of giving Russia a navy. No instance of the expansive power of the political mind of man is more extraordinary than this. Peter entirely out of his own head invented the notion of Russia, a landlocked Power, becoming the mistress of great seas and the owner of gigantic navies. It was only part of the same idea, and not so striking a part, that he should have nursed the ambition of making Russia a Power distinct from other European Powers, and yet one of their number. Sweden and Poland collapsed before Russia, because they were little Powers affecting to be great ones. Turkey, unprotected by Western Europe, had no sufficient basis of resistance. That Russia should have learnt some of the arts of civilization from communication with Europe; that, possessed of these arts, she should have largely influenced Europe; that, with an autocratic Government and a brave, submissive population, she should have gradually won her way on all sides, is not so very wonderful. What is wonderful is, that the author of her greatness should have seen that a seaboard and a navy were necessary to her, and might be won by her, at a time when she had no ports, no ships, and no seamen. The only Russian who could see this was the Sovereign, and the Sovereign, in order to realize his visions, had to begin at the beginning and learn the merest rudiments of seamanship and ship-building. Perhaps the only parallel in modern times is that of Frederick the Great, who conceived and carried out the equally difficult project of making a tiny State without a frontier and without a military ally, by mere force of

pluck, drill, good management, generalship, and economy, fight at the same time Russia, Austria, and France. Prussia is in itself almost as unfit to be a great military Power as the Russia of Peter's earlier days was to be a great naval Power. But in both cases genius and patience, and the infinite attention to details which is the soul of patience, and perhaps of genius, won their way, and secured the desired end.

But although great works cannot be done without great workmen, still the great workman must have adequate materials in order to achieve his purpose. Frederick the Great could never have fought the Seven Years' War unless his subjects had been akin in temper and stubborn courage to their descendants whom we have seen marching through France in 1870. Peter could not have made Russia great unless there had been a Russia to make great. And the greatness of Russia is due to three causes. In the first place, there was the influence of a spirited, though utterly unscrupulous, set of alien adventurers whose talents were bought by Russia just as the statues and pictures and books of ancient Europe were bought to add to the nascent glories of St. Petersburg. In the next place, there was a frugal, hardy, devout, abundant peasantry, gifted with a great courage and a readiness to die for their Czar the fruits of which were made sufficiently apparent to the world of our days at the Alma and Inkerman. The present Emperor has at his absolute disposal sixty millions of subjects and a million and a quarter of trained men. Lastly, the most effective spiritual agency known to the modern world, that of the Russian clergy, is entirely at the command of the Czar. When Peter was in England he undertook, at the instigation of Lord Carmarthen, to permit the introduction of tobacco into Russia; and when it was represented to him that not only had the laws previously prohibited smoking, but that the clergy had denounced the practice as damnable, Peter replied that he knew how to manage the priests. Certainly the Czars have shown that they know how to manage their priests. The Russians are among the most devout of men. They are always rendering external homage to the signs of religion. They bow in adoration before every cross, and always have a pictured Saint at hand to bless and protect them. The clergy have all the respect and reverence paid them which flow from the hearts of an uninquiring and admiring people. But the whole of this spir-

itual power is an engine in the hands of the Czar. The priests only exist to serve him and to promote his glory. The Russian Church is at once a State Church with the extreme of vitality in itself and with the extreme of subordination as regards the State. Peter, who was entirely free from anything like high principles, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of his aims, persecuted the Protestants in his dominions to the complete satisfaction of his clergy; and his policy has been that of his successors, and has met the reward anticipated. The State upholds the Church with an iron hand, and the Church has no desire except to please the Emperor. If all that has taken place in the last ten years in the way of religious persecution in Russia, under a singularly mild and noble-minded Czar, could be made known, Europe would stand aghast. The Orthodox Church is maintained and its area extended at any cost; but the Orthodox Church is not like the Catholic Church in Catholic countries, a foreign and usurping Power—it is heart and soul the handmaid of the Emperor. For anything like it we must go out of European experience, and look at Mahomedan countries. The Czar is the head of the Faithful, just as the Sultan is the head of the Faithful, and the only difference is that the spiritual power of the Sultan is crippled, while that of the Czar is not crippled, by the opposing influence and the abiding control of foreign nations.

When great men have done great things for a nation it is natural and right that occasionally the greatness of these men and of their work should alone be brought into prominence, while their bad qualities and the evil they wrought are for the moment cast into the shade. It is quite true that, in spite of all these processions to and from the statue and the Cathedral, Peter was in real life a gross, cruel, sensual savage. But it is not for Russia to think of this at a time when the accident of what is pronounced to be an anniversary recalls, to the exclusion of everything else, what Peter was, and what he did, for Russia. It may, however, be observed that the works of great men have always two sides and operate in different directions. They have a constructive and at the same time a destructive force. Peter's object, in which, seconded by his able successors, he fully succeeded, was to make Russia at once great and part of the European system. Having become great, and having become part of the European system, the country inevitably tends to change its character, and to lose

those special elements of greatness by which it has risen. Russia becomes every year more like Europe. Its peasantry, and even its clergy are on the road to change. We often hear of the Old Russian party, and perhaps are not clear what it means, and what it desires. Its meaning and its desires become clear if we regard it as the party which wishes to accept one half of Peter's work without accepting the other half. It wishes that Russia should be great in Europe without becoming European. It thinks that the status of the peasantry and of the clergy shall be immutable. It disregards the general politics of Europe and clings to Pan Slavism. It dreams not of absorbing Poland, but of blotting it out. It has persistently, and not unsuccessfully, resisted the benevolent and liberal policy of the Czar. It recoils from Germany because German thought and German training are the doors of European influence. Peter is at this moment, as it were, fighting with himself in Russia. The ladder by which his family has mounted to the heights of its dizzy ambition declines to be kicked down. Russia, to be all that he wished, needs to be transformed, and the transformation of a people is a long and difficult process. There are eddies and backwaters in the current of every national history, and Russia will only with many struggles and many retrograde movements become really European. There will be many scratchings of the skin, and the Tartar will always be revealed beneath. Of the ultimate result there can be little doubt. Russia will be gradually changed, but in calculating the effects of the change, which will be, it may be expected, favourable both to its real and apparent greatness, it must be borne in mind that the new Russia will not be the old, and that the peculiar instruments by which the dreams of Peter were realized will have ceased to exist.

From The Spectator.
THORBECKE.

By the death of its Premier, Johann Rudolf Thorbecke, Holland has lost one of the most distinguished statesmen who have ever adorned, not only the Netherlands, not unfruitful of great political capacities, but any country of Europe. It was of Thorbecke that Palmerston said that he was a statesman too great for his little country; and the recollection of his life and

labours must indeed excite the regret, coupled with no envious feeling towards the sturdy commonwealth which honoured him as its foremost citizen, that nations of greater weight and influence have been so destitute of public servants whose names deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with his. Seventy-four years of age, for Thorbecke was born in 1798, represents a vast total of useful activity in a man who could not be inactive and who had been engaged from his earliest year in the discharge of public or quasi-public functions. It was not, however, without a feeling of painful surprise, notwithstanding that rumours of M. Thorbecke's failing health had been current for some months past, that the news of the death of the venerable Premier broke upon the community. It was but a few days since he had made his last appearance in the Chamber, during the discussions upon the Income-tax. The step had been taken contrary to the advice of his physicians, and the knowledge that there was more of patriotic zeal than personal prudence in the proceeding no doubt contributed to swell the enthusiastic applause with which he was greeted by the Deputies. It is now certain that the exertion directly accelerated his death. At the time, however, the spectacle of Thorbecke in his accustomed place was little calculated to prepare his colleagues and countrymen for the sad event that was so soon to supervene. We might almost say of him, as of Chatham, that his last breath was given to the service of his country. Perhaps it was not less emblematic of the man, that while Chatham fell on the well-known occasion, the last energies of Thorbecke were expended on a question of budgetary finance. In his time he had been called to decide upon the gravest questions which could affect the public welfare, but in every question it was his character to be equally thorough, reflective, and resolved.

In an epoch which beholds the son of a Marseilles locksmith on the Presidential Throne of France, the rise of Thorbecke may not excite any extraordinary emotion. It was none the less remarkable in a high degree. Born at Zwolle, the unpretending capital of the province of Overijssel, and of parents in but middling circumstances, there was little connected with his origin which seemed to promise the favour of fortune. In truth, it was not to fortune, but to brilliant abilities, which his parents spared no pains to cultivate, that he owed his advancement. An undergraduate of the University of Leyden at the age of

nineteen, within three years he had obtained the baccalaureate, with the highest honours which the University could bestow, and when he departed from the collegiate cloisters in 1820 to visit during two years the German seats of learning, it was with a promise from the University authorities that a professorship awaited his return. Unfortunately for his chances of promotion at Leyden, the young Thorbecke, who had already conceived strong affinities for the philosophy of his countryman Spinoza, came back additionally imbued with the theories of Schelling and Hegel, and at the heterodoxy of his speculations on God and existence the Dons of Leyden refused him the promised professoriate. For two years more Thorbecke returned to Germany, and at the University of Göttingen continued to extend his studies, and, it may well be imagined, to view, no dull or indifferent observer, the political spectacle which Germany presented at the time. In effect, the four years, 1820-24, which Thorbecke spent in Germany were singularly rich in matter of interest and instruction. The sovereigns and half-sovereigns were fulfilling on all sides their engagement to grant constitutions in that fashion which, after provoking the wrath of the Democrats of 1818, has finally ended in their present mediatisation and Prussianization. At the same time, Wurtemberg was already the focus of democratic sentiments which were blasphemies in the ears of the Holy Alliance. There were other matters also upon which a keen young Hollander could take notes. In 1824 the injuries which the commerce of the Rhine had immemorably suffered from the various customs and tolls imposed by Holland at the mouth of the river, and by the German States along the banks, provoked the angriest feelings between the Dutch and Germans, feelings which more than once subsequently nearly exploded in war. When a quarter of a century later, Thorbecke was Premier of Holland, one of the most important measures of his ministry was the abolition of all navigation dues in favour of the vessels of such nations as were ready to return the compliment to the traders of Holland. In 1825 King William I. acknowledged the rising fame of the young savant by nominating Thorbecke to a professorship in the University of Ghent, more tolerant or less devout than Leyden. After the revolution which divorced Holland and Belgium, Leyden became sufficiently relaxed from its former austerity, to grant at length a professorial chair to its distinguished alumnus. At Leyden especially did Thorbecke succeed,

by his teaching on history and political economy, in creating a school of Liberal politicians, who were later to fight side by side with him in effecting the reformation of the Constitution. After the abdication of William I. and the accession of William II., the voice of Thorbecke became louder and bolder in the demand for constitutional reform. Almost everything required reform. Religious equality and ministerial responsibility were among the most indispensable requirements, and Thorbecke was already preparing that alliance between the Catholics and the Radical Protestants to which Holland owes the present Constitution. The work of victory was not easy. It took the salutary terrorism of 1848 to impress the wisdom of progress on the minds of the Court and the old Conservative party. In 1849, Thorbecke became Premier. He had previously been the President of the Commission for revising the Constitution.

The first Ministry of M. Thorbecke lasted from 1849 to 1853. During that period, old, illiberal Holland came to an end, and new Liberal Holland was born. The activity of the Premier extended over the entire field of communal, provincial, and electoral legislation, and the existing Dutch Constitution is the work of his hands. Had the principles of religious equality been adopted five-and-twenty years earlier, the secession of Belgium might never have taken place. Even in 1849, however, Thorbecke had enough to do to vanquish the resistance of the ultra-Protestant party, which regarded as a profanation the grant of Catholic emancipation in the country of William of Orange. In 1853 that ultra party, whose chief, M. Groen van Prinsterer, would have satisfied the ideal of Mr. Newdegate, found its opportunity in an event analogous to the one which in England produced the Durham Letter and the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act. In the month of March of that year the Pope made Utrecht the seat of a Catholic Archbishopric, with

suffragan sees at Haarlem, Bois-le-Duc, and Ruremond. Immediately the tide of Protestant feeling rose against the invasion, and as Thorbecke professed himself to be unable to perceive the danger, and, on the contrary, opined that the organization of the Catholic Church was a matter for that communion exclusively, he was compelled to retire in favour of the more orthodox zeal which suited the fervour of the moment. As a considerable body of the Dutch Liberals hated the Pope with still greater energy than they loved liberty, the affair was the beginning of a scission in the Liberal ranks which has lasted to the present day, and which partly affords the reason why Thorbecke, though always remaining the acknowledged head of Dutch Liberalism, was reproached with a tendency to fall behind the more advanced members of the school. In 1862 and 1870 Thorbecke was again called to form Ministries. With regard to his religious opinions, beyond the fact of his early Spinozism, perhaps the most definite indication of his views is afforded by the oration which M. Jolles, the Minister of Justice, delivered over his remains, in which we are assured that the deceased had firm faith in the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. In summing up the character of Thorbecke, we should probably be right in describing him as having never lost that professorial and didactic turn which his more youthful pursuits had lent him. No man was ever more careful in following the Baconian rule of the multiplication of instances, in storing his mind with the results of wide and varied experience, which his vast grasp of principles easily enabled him to reduce to order and sequence. With all his strong convictions, however, he had the Palmerstonian knack of never failing to present an unruffled geniality to the worst of circumstances. Along with the professor, not only the man of State, but the man of the world, were happily blended in Thorbecke.

Nor the least interesting page yet to be unfolded in the world's history is the future of the Chinese; in the meantime it is very evident that they have no intention of being ignominiously exterminated like other barbarians, but are bent upon qualifying themselves to compete with more enlightened nations. A very curious movement has, it seems, been lately organized

by a Chinaman, named Yung Wing, who was educated in Yale College, in the United States, having for its object the sending of Chinese youths to that country to be educated at the expense of the Government. Yung Wing has had some difficulty in winning over the Chinese authorities to his project, but it is stated that he has at last been successful, and the plan is

so far advanced that the first instalment of youths will be sent to the United States this summer. They are already selected, and are now in course of preparation at Shanghai. The necessary officers all named by the Chinese Government have been appointed to accompany them, and a large fund has been appropriated for their support. It is asserted that this fund amounts to over two million Mexican dollars, for which a certain percentage of the Customs has been pledged in the manner usual to the Chinese. The plan is understood to be as follows:—“1. The Chinese Government to select thirty boys each year for five consecutive years, 150 in all, without distinction of rank, and by competitive examination. They are to exceed fourteen years of age when they enter the preparatory school at Shanghai, or other schools that may be hereafter organized. The education in Chinese is to be made as thorough as possible before they are sent to the United States. 2. The entire expense for their living and education in the preparatory schools, and afterwards in the United States, to be borne by the Chinese Government. 3. An educated native of rank to be appointed as instructor to each yearly instalment, who is to accompany it to the United States and remain with them. He is charged with the instruction of the youths in the Chinese language, and literature while in the United States and is expected to devote a portion of each week to that object. 4. The students are required to prosecute their studies for twelve years, and during that time each is expected to acquire one of the professions. They will not be allowed to remain in the United States beyond that period, nor to enter upon any private occupation. 5. Each student is regarded from the first as in the service of the Chinese Government. A definite rank is assigned to him on the completion of his education, and he goes immediately into service on his return. In case the parents of any student are in narrow circumstances a certain indemnity is to be paid them by Government. 6. The students will not be permitted to divest themselves of their Chinese nationality or become naturalized citizens of the United States.” An attempt, it is believed, will be made to secure the admission of a part of the students to the Military School at West point and the Naval School at Annapolis.

Pall Mall Gazette.

SOME interesting passages from the letters of Frederick the Great to Voltaire, relative to the retention of the Jesuits in Prussia after the abolition of the order by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, are quoted by the *Breslau Gazette*:—

I have only kept them (says the King) for the education of youth. The Pope has already made them harmless; they can no longer, like Sampson's foxes, set on fire the fields of the Philistines. . . . Heretic and infidel as I am, I

have retained the Order in Silesia. My reasons are, first, that there are no Catholics here who possess a scientific education; we have neither Oratorians nor Piarists, and the other monks are ignorant and unpolished. It was therefore necessary to retain the Jesuits, as otherwise the national schools would have to be given up. . . . Moreover, our parish priests derive all their knowledge of theology from the Jesuit University of Breslau, and if the Order were abolished, which would also lead to the abolition of the university, it would be necessary to send Silesians to Bohemia to study theology, which is contrary to the principles of the Government.

. . . If these reasons do not satisfy you, I will add another and a stronger one. I promised in the Treaty of Dresden to maintain religion in my dominions *in statu quo*. Now I found Jesuits in my new dominions; I must therefore leave them there. Catholic Sovereigns have a Pope at their disposal who can free them from their oaths at his pleasure. But I have no one to do me such a service; I must keep my promises, and the Pope would consider it a desecration to give me his blessing. . . . I know the Jesuits have intrigued and interfered in questions of State, but the Government must look to that. Why did it give way? It is not Tellier, but Louis XIV., that was in fault.

It should be observed, however, that Frederick the Great was not always so scrupulous in his adherence to treaties, and that he was hardly likely to put forward his obligations under the Treaty of Dresden as his strongest reason for retaining the Jesuits in Prussia, if there were not another in the background which, in his eyes at least, was much more important.

Pall Mall.

It is stated that the Prince of Orange's indisposition is of a nature to cause the gravest anxiety. He was unable to attend the funeral of his aunt, the Princess Henry, and is reported to be suffering from a severe depression of the nervous system, which only time and a strict attention to his physicians' prescriptions are likely to get the better of. His illness is the source of all the more uneasiness as his death would affect most materially the succession to the throne. The present king's uncle has only one daughter; his brother, husband of the Princess Henry recently deceased, has no children, and the Prince of Orange has only one brother—the Prince Alexander. If the former, therefore, were to die without issue, his younger brother would be the last of his line, and, in the event of his also being childless, the crown would go to some German prince—a Saxe-Meiningen or a Saxe-Weimar—for the House of Orange would have become extinct. This is an eventuality looked forward to with much apprehension and dread by the Dutch people.

Pall Mall.